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THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

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VOL. VI.

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The Cathedral's Lesson.

BY HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

WHAT the new life shall be toward which men move
No tongue can tell, for it no eye hath seen;
But whence they move is clear; therefore in part
The whither we may guess. Away from hate,
Away from violence, men slowly draw,
And leave behind the huddling fear of force
Which sinks in mass the individual,
And leave the vapors of world-ignorance,
Whereon man saw his morning shadow thrown,
And fell before its vastness, worshiping;
And leave with every lie some love of lies.
Hence deem we kindness and brotherhood,
Respect for others born of self-respect,
And bold research in room of cringing awe,
Shall have their home in that new world men seek;
And though on earth they seek it, is it less
Than that celestial city which John saw
Descending out of heaven unto men,
Wherein was no defilement, no more curse,
Abomination, lie in love or deed,
Sorrow nor crying more, nor any night,
But blessedness and healing of the nations?
No temple stood therein; for in that world
Symbol in sight is lost. There the eternal
Is manifest in full-flowered human life,
Which finds itself in the eternal found.
More we cannot discern, and if we saw
We could but misinterpret; but no doubt
That newer life will bring its new ideals,
New character, new conduct, new religion;
Which if revealed to us were meaningless
Or profanation. Let us be content

With what the far height of the tower unfolds
Of man's divine progression. If, in times
When all things change, our hearts distrust and doubt,
Turn we to where the Gothic minster lifts
Its cross above the ages, and there learn
How through the old life's death the new is born.

A thousand years one order ruled the world,
One form for every temple, wrought upon
The hard lines of the Roman's hall of state.
It added first the symbol of the cross,
Then arched the mighty dome of heaven's peace;
The walls reached out their level length, and stood
In strength a bulwark against all the world;
While, like a lower firmament, the roof
Expansive, low, benignly sheltering,
Shut out the world above from that beneath;
On every window pressed the rounded arch,
And all was strong and stable and secure.
At last, with change of times, the order changed:
The windows robbed the wall's supremacy,
Grown wider, yet aspiring far aloft
In slender shafts that broke the restful lines
Of level, broken further by supports
To prop the weakened sides. The roof, upheaved
As by a strong convulsion, cleft the air
A wedge, no more a shelter. Losing power
To lift great domes in air, men reared instead
Dizzy and toppling spires. Even the round
Of the strong arch was broken, and the whole,
To hide its death, was draped with carven flowers.
So, when at Amiens change had wrought its worst,
In the completed pile no trace was left
Of the old meaning; and to eyes that saw
After the ancient order seemed alone
Ruin, where we behold the full-blown rose
Of Gothic beauty, and discern therein
Meanings that more transcend what they displaced
Than those the coldness of the Roman hall.
The elder order built with lifeless weight
Of stone on stone against the outer light;
With all its strength it perished; but the new
Abides, which builds with life and light and joy.



REALISM IN ART.

IN art as in literature, the term Realism has been perverted through the misapplication of its truths and the corruption of its laws.

Pascal said, "Vain indeed is that art which limits itself to reproducing those things which we should not care to look at in real life," and nearly every one will immediately apply the quotation to modern Realism. For the common idea of a realist has come to be one who strives to represent truth indeed, but truth of the lowest and most revolting sort, with all its vulgar details.

There is, however, a broader view of the subject which comprehends its virtues as well as its defects, but even the critics who are impartial to this extent, attack the realist party on another side. *They* condemn the new style because it breaks over the long established rules of art, and are scandalized because its followers do not walk in the footsteps of the old masters. But let us look back at those old masters.

Raphael is revered and imitated now by the Idealists, but in his time he was severely criticised by his contemporaries for his disregard of all prevailing canons of art; in fact it was his contempt for the conventionalities of classic art that put the spur to his originality. The same is true of Rubens. One can easily conceive how he shocked his more conservative fellows by his brilliant coloring, his vigorous treatment and the exuberant vitality of his subjects. All those grand old painters broke away from precedents and established new schools, each after his own peculiar genius. Now their works are revered as classic ideals. So true is it that the Realism of one age becomes the Idealism of the next.

Men are always eager to decry each departure from revered tradition, and to condemn unheard the devotees of a new system; but is it not probable that the bold, realistic works of our own time will become with age and the progress of thought, the ideals of future art?

And are the Idealists so impregnable that they can throw stones with impunity?

A misrepresentation of nature in real life is, to an artistic mind, as great a fault as one in ideal life. The artist who, under pretense of beautifying nature, paints a peasant girl with a peach bloom complexion and dainty hands and feet, commits as great an offense against true art as if he had painted a pug-nosed Apollo or a cross-eyed Venus.

In Mr. Turner's famous picture, "The Wreck," that greatest of modern landscape painters has carefully delineated small figures in a boat so far out at sea as, in real life, to be indistinguishable to the naked eye. Messonier has this same fault; he delineates minutely the buttons on the coat or the nails in the shoes of a far-away figure, details which could not be discerned by the sharpest-eyed spectator.

All this is not idealism certainly; nor is it realism; let us rather call it, as one writer has done, *falsism*.

A great prophet is claimed to have arisen for true realism during this nineteenth century, in Vassali Verestchagin. What of culture does spring up in semi-barbarous Russia comes forth with a freshness and vigor unsurpassed by that of any other nation.

Verestchagin, its representative of art, is heralded as an "essentially original painter whose work is epoch-making in our modern history with its un-modern art." Original he certainly is; he has entered a field hitherto unexplored by any artist. Serving in the Russo-Turkish war, fighting and painting at the same time, his war pictures are so many chapters out of his own experience. *He* does not paint the scene of a battle to *glorify* war, as so many artists have done—a gallant general on a prancing charger, gleaming bayonets, showy uniforms, and a cloud of smoke throwing a kindly cover over all butchery and carnage. On the contrary, it is just those horrible and sickening realities of war that Verestchagin most forcibly presents to us, with all the vividness of which his daring brush is capable.

His scenes are strewn with mangled and headless bodies, twisted and contorted, arms, legs and heads lying here and there in melancholy disunion; here, a ragged soldier freezing to death at his post, there, a flock of hungry vultures swooping down upon their prey; yonder a row of prisoners standing up to be shot, while their eyes rest upon the ceaseless pile of the hundreds who have already met their doom.

When reproached for depicting these horrors, he replies that they are nothing to those he witnessed in the Russian wars, and that his purpose in perpetuating them on canvas is to impress upon every people the horrors and misery of this "bloody sport of kings."

This may be philanthropy, but it is not true art. The aim of art is to represent the beautiful; to instruct is but an accessory which will follow, for "the true and the beautiful are so closely related that nothing can be beautiful which is false to nature."

Unhappily, however, there are many things true to nature as marred by the sin of man, which are far from being beautiful, and

these are subjects for the moralist to condemn, but not for the artist to immortalize.

It is by the choice of trivial, vulgar, or shocking subjects, by the appeal to the senses—to the lower nature rather than to the higher, that Realists have laid themselves open to reproach.

Idealists, on the other hand, are ridiculed because, in their anxiety to represent fundamental ideas with all possible power and clearness, they disregard the commonest laws of nature, and leave their details in the vaguest uncertainty.

In the truest art, Idealism cannot exist without Realism; people will not look at a picture in which they can see no element of nature; and on the other hand, Realism cannot exist without Idealism. Do we not prefer a fine portrait of a friend to a photograph, however good? The photograph may be a more exact imitation of him as he *seems*, but the portrait shows him to us as he *is*, and this insight is what the artist adds to the mere likeness.

A dozen different cameras will make twelve identical images of the same object, but a dozen artists of equal skill, sketching the same object, will produce as many different results. They will be essentially unlike as to touch, feeling expressed, and thought suggested. Each artist has unconsciously put something of his own individuality into his work; it has now a subjective element in it. It is not the artist's hand, it is his mind which imitates. This illustration seems to show the fact that Realism and Idealism are inseparable as body and soul. Under this principle great possibilities open before the devotee of art. He may, in a way, surpass nature herself; for in nature all is individual, and, as a whole, imperfect, but the artist may select and unite the perfections of many individuals, and create from this union the ideal personification of a general conception.

The aspiration after better things is half man's nature, and is it any wonder that he should seek to preserve his divine idea in some durable embodiment?

Cold marble and colors must necessarily fall short of the flesh and blood of reality; but art may transfigure realities by infusing into them the elements of generalization, selection and penetrative insight.

As Aristotle wrote, "Nature has the will but not the power to realize perfection;" but the divine element in man can comprehend the divine effort in nature, and by art may anticipate her desires and realize her ideals.

AZTEC MYTHOLOGY.

FIRST of all they believed in a supreme being, the Great Creator, "the God by whom we live; omnipresent, who knoweth all thoughts, giveth all gifts, without whom man is as nothing; invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose and a sure defense."

Besides him there were thirteen other principal deities, and more than two hundred inferior ones, presiding over the elements, seasons, etc., and over all the occupations of man. Each of these had a festival or special holy day, when human sacrifices were offered.

There was one evil spirit, called "The Rational Owl." The patron deity of the nation was "Huitzilopochtli, meaning humming-bird, left," from the image of the god having feathers on the left foot. The legend of his birth is related "on this wise."—A devout woman, one day, in the temple, saw a bunch of bright colored feathers floating in the air, which she took and deposited in her bosom. Soon after she found she was pregnant. In due time the dread deity was born, a spear in his right hand, a shield in his left and a crest of green plumes on his head. "Born of a woman" like the god-man of the Christians, but with what a difference in character.

Quetzalcoatl was a good, beneficent deity, the god of air, who taught agriculture. Under his influence the earth brought forth fruit and flowers without culture. A single ear of Indian corn was as much as a man could carry; cotton, as it grew, assumed the different hues.

The name Quetzalcoatl, means—"feathered serpent," also a "twin," hence some identify him with St. Thomas, also called "Didymus," a "twin," who was said to have come to America, to preach. Others call him Noah. He had a white skin, was tall, with long, dark hair and a flowing beard. Incurring the wrath of some of the principal gods, he was banished from the country. On the shores of the Gulf, promising to return with his descendants, he embarked in his skiff of serpents' skins. When the Spaniards came they found the people looking for the white descendants of their favorite god.

Tezcatlipoca was next in rank to the Supreme Being, and called the "Soul of the World," which is supposed to have been his own work.

His festival was one of the most important. One year before the

intended sacrifice to him, a captive of great personal beauty was selected; he was instructed by tutors, gorgeously dressed, bountifully fed, and provided with every luxury. Beautiful girls, called by the names of the goddesses, were appointed to wait on him. All this was continued till within a month of the sacrifice. When the time came for the sacrifice, he was bound by five priests; the sixth made an incision in his living body and tearing out his heart, still palpitating, held it up to the multitude for veneration, and then cast it at the feet of the god. The priest expounded the tragic story as the type of human life, fair and beautiful at its beginning, closing in pain and sorrow.

The number of human sacrifices was great, and in order to provide sufficient material, during their wars they strove rather to capture than to kill the enemy. After the sacrifice was offered the body was delivered to his captor in the battle, and by him was served, after roasting, to his friends, at a feast. At the dedication of the great temple of Huitzilopotchli, in 1486, the festival lasted several days and 70,000 human sacrifices were offered. The skulls of the victims were preserved in buildings for the purpose.

It is noticeable that all the sciences and other branches of learning for which the Mexicans were noted, came from the Toltecs, who never tasted the blood of human beings or offered human sacrifices, and not from the Aztecs.

After death they thought there were three states of existence; the wicked went at once to everlasting darkness. Those dying of certain diseases, lived in ease and content. The heroes went to the highest state of bliss, also those who had been offered in sacrifice. They departed into the presence of the sun, with whom they danced on his journey through the heavens. Afterwards their spirits went to the beautiful gardens of paradise.

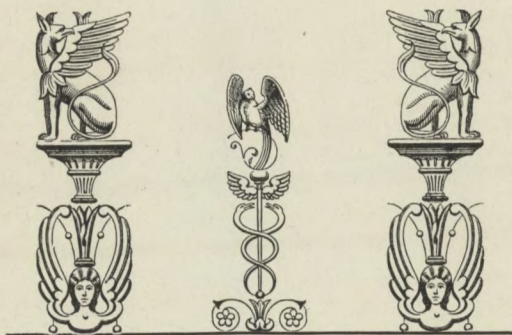
There were a great number of temples, "houses of God," built in pyramidal form, of solid earth, cased with brick. The larger ones 100 feet square at the base, and more than that in altitude. They had four or five stories, each in ascending smaller than that below, with a terrace at the foot of each.

The flight of steps on the outside was usually at the angle of the pyramid. A broad area formed the top; on it were the towers, forty or fifty feet high, in which were placed the images of the gods.

In front of these were the stones of sacrifice and the altars, on which the sacred fires were kept burning continually. Of course, all sacrifices were thus offered in view of all, visible for a great distance around the country.

Not all of their rites consisted of human sacrifices; some were performed by women and children, garland-crowned, walking in processions, bearing fruits and flowers, with songs and dances participated in by both sexes.

The priests were the educators, houses were built within the temple enclosure, to which both boys and girls were sent, the former under the care of the priests, the girls having priestesses appointed for them.



THE HERMIT.

UP in the woods behind the Gray farm lives an old recluse who calls himself the herb doctor, but to the neighbors round about he is known as the Hermit. I have seen him several times, and one day I took my mother and aunt to visit the old man, partly because of their interest in curious characters and partly to protect myself, for I desired to aim my camera at the hermitage, and thought it would be just as well for me if I had some one along to divert the owner by conversation from the sarcastic comments he is fond of indulging in.

Our way lay through a pretty wood path winding in and out among the trees and fringed with sweet wood growths, sassafras shoots, fern plumes, trailing vines and clumps of delicate wood aster. Presently we came to an abrupt dip in the path. From this point we could see across the swamp below to where on the opposite hillside the hermit's shanty leans disconsolately against the fence. After this sharp descent the path temporarily buries itself in the swamp; the rank vegetation rustles above one's head and not a sound is to be heard except the wind whispering among the grasses and the steady song of grasshoppers and crickets.

When we emerged on the other side we found the hermit's cabin before us, scarcely larger than a dogkennel and partly concealed by a huge clump of wormwood in front. Not a soul was to be seen, nor a sound heard; the place seemed deserted. We stopped a moment awaiting developments. In a second or two, a face resolved itself out of the blackness of the doorway, a face brown and leathery with incrustations of tan and dirt; the eyes small and quickly moving with a strange, dull glitter in them, as though once they had been exceedingly sharp but were dimmed by age and the excessive use of tobacco. The face was framed by a bushy growth of beard and crowned by a battered old hat. As it peered out upon us, it had the ghastly effect of floating there in space with no bodily appendage.

A querulous high pitched voice demanded our errand.

"We have come to see you," my mother said, which announcement was received with a non-committal grunt, but the face came out into the sunshine, followed by a bent and withered body, clothed in garments still recognizable as coat, trousers, and shoes, but soiled and ragged beyond distinction in texture and coloring.

I discreetly devoted myself to my camera while the hermit,

stretched out on a bench by the hut, proceeded to enjoy a smoke and a talk with the visitors. The cracked falsetto voice divided its attention between remarks to my relatives which I could not hear, and sharp comments upon myself and my probable inability to take a picture, which I could hear. When I joined the others, the old man was saying, "yes, sir! I cured her. I can cure anything with the herbs I find in my swamp. I've got the snake here in alcohol." He laboriously crawled off from his bench and into the hut, presently returning with a small bottle, empty but for a piece of grass stuck to the glass. This he gravely offered for our inspection. I afterwards learned that this was a two-headed snake, of which by his never failing herb remedies he had relieved the stomach of a woman who had travelled from Florida to consult him.

After an impressive silence the herb doctor suddenly said to a small boy of the party,

"How would you like to stay with me and sleep with my cat?"

"Oh, have you a cat," inquired my aunt who is very fond of animals, "Let us see it."

"You can't, was the laconic response.

Then after a pause, during which he fixed his dull, gleaming eyes upon each in turn, he added,

"She always runs away and hides when any one comes. No one has ever seen her and no one ever will. Why, once when I was sick I tied a note to her neck and sent her for a doctor. She had never been in the village, never saw the doctor's house, but she went straight there and brought him to me. Never had been there in her life before."

This remark was received in appropriate silence, then the small boy and I wandered off to investigate a brook near by. On its banks we found a lot of coffee grounds, so evidently the hermit was not without one luxury. We found a curious plant, too, but the reclus was unable to tell us the name which rather restored my confidence in him, for if he had been an utter impostor he certainly would have had a name on the tip of his tongue.

During our absence my mother had found out from the hermit a good deal regarding his life, and the farmers near by assured us of its truth. He lives winter and summer in this rickety little hut, built of rough boards, shingled with sods, and with only rude openings for door and window. There is no furniture within except a rusty, broken iron stove without a top. He has had better huts than this and more furniture, but mischievous boys have set fire to them in his absence and burned them down. So now he takes care

to leave nothing combustible in his house. He gets fire wood from the trees in the edge of the swamp, and sleeps on the hard earth floor of his hut. His food he obtains partly with the money he earns by selling herbs, partly from the kindness of the farmers' wives, who send him bread and such things. He always seems to have a supply of tobacco. I have never seen him without a pipe in his mouth.

He says he has lived in the swamp twenty years and is ninety-one years old. Mr. Gray vouches for the twenty years, as to the ninety-one, no one can say.

It was bright moonlight that night after we came home, and we thought of the hermit, wondering whether he was up enjoying the soft radiance that must bathe the swamp and hillside opposite, or whether he was asleep oblivious of the lovely scene before his hut.

On winter nights when the snow flies and the wind blows we shall think of him often, probably picture him cowering cold and shivering in his wretched shanty. But no doubt he will in reality be snug and comfortable banked in by snow, a glowing fire in the topless stove, and the beloved never absent pipe between his teeth.

WINIFRED BALL,
Iota.



THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

THIS is called "an age of doubt;" doubt of what? Granted it is an age of inquiry, of investigation, of questionings whether "these things be so," whether the old dogmas held by our fathers be entirely satisfying; it is an age when men and women seem to have awakened from their Rip Van Winkle sleep, from indifference to religious ideas and thoughts, not content to hold the ready made creeds of others till they are sure they can call them their own, and with heart as well as lips say "I believe." They are in earnest and when they do accept any thing as true it *means* something. This is not a state of things to condemn, or mourn over, rather let us rejoice at the awakening. Nothing is more hurtful to the soul than indifference. When St. Thomas in the sincerity of his doubt would not yield to the reports of the resurrection of our Savior till his "eyes had seen" and his "hands had handled" his risen body, our Lord did not chide him for his unbelief, but gave him the proof he demanded, with the command—"be not faithless, but believing!" The honest spirit of the man came out at once, as soon as he saw the evidence, in the hearty exclamation—"my Lord and my God!" It is the same honesty today which will not allow a man to say he is satisfied with the old doctrines till he is convinced. And what wonder that they fail to satisfy when they are the result of finite creatures trying to gauge the infinite with their little measures, to bound the unlimited power which rules the universe by their own plans for the government of earthly kingdoms. Is it strange that man should be continually striving after, and reaching out for a clearer comprehension of the supreme ruler, trying to unravel the mystery of the universe?

Theosophy is nothing new; the name is of course no older than the Greek language, but some of its ideas go away back to the very first reachings up of man to the idea of the infinite. Its fundamental principle is evolution, and its distinguishing doctrines are "karma" and "re-incarnation." Its followers claim that it is "neither a philosophy or a religion alone,—rather it is the ultimate science of all being, underlying and explaining life in every one of its departments." It is a religion "when it treats of duty, aspiration and endeavor," a philosophy "when it treats of cosmogony and terrestrial affairs."

It is not a revelation, in that it is not a disclosure of truth in any

miraculous way, by God to man. It is the unfolding of the interior facts of nature and destiny which we can verify by ourselves.

"It does not exhort to the abolition of religions and churches, or to the abolition of the religious instinct." It does urge a persistent inquiry into the "original of all truth and hope."

It holds that ignorance is the base of every ill, and calls itself a "universal science, as well as a universal religion."

It is antagonistic to the "conventional belief" of the day, because, dating back through countless ages, it cannot allow that "a science of yesterday" has detected the secrets of creation, or that a religion only a few centuries old has correctly interpreted the mind of the infinite being.

Ages of study by masters, carried on as they have died, by their successors, have handed down the accumulation of knowledge known as the "secret doctrine," secret, because only purified and refined natures could understand or use it with profit. They claim this school of masters never failed even in the darkest ages, and to the present day this order has existed, always working for the good of the humanity it sprang from, sometimes emitting truths when conditions allowed.

The present age seems suitable for the revealing of such truths, and hence "theosophical doctrine is permeating the nations and the action of the masters is increasingly evident."

First let us take the theosophical definition of God, quoting from one of their clearest authors:—

"The only mode in which we men can reach to any vivid thought of the Supreme Being, is by taking the highest, finest qualities of humanity and raising each to an infinite power.

"Powers here imperfect, there are perfect, here with limitations, there with none.

"There is no lack, no curtailment, no jar among the attributes which united, constitute the perfect one.

"A supreme and illimitable Spirit, perfect in every way and in all relations, the conscious projector of the cosmos and ruler of its every part, the Father of Humanity, a God to whom prayer is possible, inscrutable to finite eyes, dwelling in the light which no man may approach into, whom no man hath seen or can see, to 'Him may well be honor and power everlasting.'"

At the very threshold of theosophical research we find two distinguishing doctrines, "karma," and "re-incarnation."

"Karma," a word supplied by eastern terminology, the law of

causation, is the theory that a man's circumstances and disposition are the expression of his own merit, that he has and is what he deserves. This of course implies a prior existence, for merit and demerit could only have been formed in a preceding career." So reasons the Theosophist. Modern science holds firmly to the relations of cause and effect in the physical world; karma only carries the same law right on into the spiritual world.

The soul cannot die, therefore as death of the body cannot change the character of the soul these two facts remain, so they claim from their chain of reasoning. First, it must work out its own transformation and secondly it must work it out under the conditions which, as causes, are essential to such a task, in other words it must re-incarnate.

For, they reason as the mere dropping of the body does not also take with it all fleshly lusts and desires, which, although induced by the body, remain as effects in the mind, thorough emancipation from them can only come by the mind's acquiring complete control over both itself and them through new *earth-life*, in other words, "complete conquest of the lower nature necessitates connection with the lower nature till the conquest is achieved."

A new incarnation according to this theory, of course, expresses the merits or demerits of its predecessor, for the same reason that a virtuous or a vicious youth leads to a healthy or a sickly old age, so the re-incarnation will be to a higher or a lower grade of physical life.

This must go on till perfection of character is reached, or as they express it till we attain "exhaustive knowledge, coupled with perfected character."

These are merely the great points on which the whole doctrine of Theosophy depends. I have not time to go into details, or apply it farther; when it comes to minor points there seems to be a difference of opinion on them; these have been taken from one of their clearest and fairest authors.

Let us see where it stands in relation to Christianity in its broadest sense, not as the teaching of any one church.

As to its definition of the Supreme Being, no words can better express our conception of Him, no creed can say more, or less. We know this is absolute truth; it underlies all creeds, all dogmas, all thought. The power above us no thinking mind can deny, nor can it abridge one iota of His perfection whether it be claimed that He is "one" or "triune." This is certainty and beyond it who shall

be able to say with sincerity and absolute certainty what is truth.

Created in God's own image man cannot but strive to comprehend His Father, but equally good and profound thinkers differ very materially on essential points, and who can judge between them? The force which created man, (thank God for the name He has given us of himself, "Our Father in Heaven,") created him in love. He made him in his own image and breathed into his nostrils His own breath, as it is expressed in human simile, and therefore is not the "Ego" divine? For this reason man is not a mere creature, he is a free agent. Linked with a lower, physical nature, he was allowed to choose which desires he would follow. He yielded to those of his humanity, thereby weakening for himself and his descendants his power to conquer them afterwards and live the higher life if he would. A second time a perfect soul and body were combined in Christ; is this more incredible than the first creation? And through him the higher, the divine nature, triumphed, and through his triumph we regain the strength to follow him to God the Father of us both.

Does not this seem very simple? And because it is so simple man will not believe it. He looks for more complications in the plans of the Almighty. Like the man of old who hesitated when told to use a simple remedy for his leprosy till his servant said, "If he had bade thee do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it?" How much more when he said "Wash and be clean!"

Is there any other more susceptible of proof? And if there were would it be any better, would it bring a whit more comfort, or take away the sting of death?

Beyond "God the Father," can we go with any certainty? Man has a perfect right to question, to reason, to try and understand as far as he can, but the riddle is beyond him, as he is now. No one can deny that to comprehend the Infinite the finite must grow, but how? For that answer we must wait. We may reason, we may guess, but, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." And then the promise is given "but ye shall know hereafter." And why cannot we trust infinite love that it will be whatever will be best for our happiness!

Things happen before our very eyes which we do not understand; the evil does seem to flourish often, and the God-fearing may have the hardest trials outwardly. But do we know, after all? Can any physical suffering compare with the infinite quiet and calm of the heart of one who can say and *feel* "though he slay me yet will I

trust in him?" Equally dreadful must be the torments of the one who thinks of God only as his judge and punisher, from whom he looks for the condemnation which he has deserved.

Has any treatise ever been written or devised, clearer, simpler, or really more capable of proof than the New Testament? Has any Brahmin or other religious enthusiast, lived a life higher in its aims, purer, or nobler, or left a better example for us to follow than our Saviour? Finally, is there any plan for man's future well being simpler or easier to work out than "salvation through Christ," returning to our spiritual perfection through the "second Adam," "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin," our own brother in the flesh, and also the one in whom the Father's image was never blurred. It seems to me we forget our Saviour's humanity, his nearness to us, more than we do his divinity. Neither does it seem more incredible that the "second Adam" should be perfect in both natures, than that the first should have been made, as he was, a perfect soul in a perfect body, and free to yield to either.

It is easy to say a thing cannot be, topull down, to overthrow the "conventional doctrines," as the Theosophists call them, but do those they give us in their places satisfy any better; are we sure those cannot be overthrown in their turn? The creeds taught by Christianity are not "a few centuries old!" They too are attempts to understand the truths taught us from the beginning, and to evolve from man's own inner self, by God's help, the divine image in which he was created."

New creeds may, and will arise, new dogmas be held, evolution may be asserted to be the only theory that can be proved, (till a new one arises,) but what does it all matter so we never lose sight of the truth of truths, the only one which will stand for all time and all eternity, "God is love."

J. H. S.
Lambda.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOWELL says, in his address upon Democracy, that "in a world, the very condition of whose being is, that it shall be in perpetual flux, and the one abiding thing is the effort to distinguish realities from appearances, the elderly man must be indeed of a singularly tough and valid fiber, who is certain that he has any clarified residuum of experiences, any assured verdict of reflection that deserves to be called an opinion, or who, even if he had, feels that he is justified in holding mankind by the button while he is expounding it."

So would he who if, while the country yet laments the loss of her most distinguished citizen and the world of English letters a leading, if not at his death its leading representative; while writers and critics, such as Holmes, Stoddard, Henry James, Jr., Bret Harte, George E. Woodbury, Farrar and Stead, with a delicate sense of the proprieties and with a knowledge of the impossible, bring each a wreath for his bier, not the scales of the weigher; so would he who, at this time, would presume to pass final judgment upon Lowell and assign him a place in literature, possess an assurance that is somewhat brazen, reflections singularly tough and judgments even of a woody fiber.

Time, after all, writes the best biographies; and not till the succeeding years shall have stripped Lowell and his work of much that is subject to time and change, "not till his memory shall have passed through the successive stages of regret, eulogy and reminiscence" can it be said, with reasonable assurance, to what niche in the temple of fame he rightfully belongs. To be praised one only has to die, it is said. It depends, however, upon the character of the life and manner of death. An occasion like this awakens our indifferent sensibilities to a keener appreciation of our loss, and creates a universal desire to know more of the life and work of him who filled so conspicuous a place in the public mind, and whose death is lamented by what is best in America and England.

Stoddard says, "He was a great critic and a noble poet, and when he passed away he was the most eminent man of letters in America."

Farrar, the eloquent English divine, pays him the following tribute: "To class any man with the the immortals is to pay him so high a compliment that it can scarcely be spoken without misgiving,

yet I believe Lowell will be remembered on both sides of the Atlantic long after most of those are forgotten who now occupy a far larger share than he ever did of the public attention."

Stead, the distinguished journalist, says, "When Lowell died the greatest of contemporary Americans passed away. He has had no compeer since Emerson died; he has left no successor. On this side of the Atlantic there still linger veterans not unequal to him. But neither on one side of the Atlantic nor on the other is there left any poet whose verse is instinct with so much inspiration, or one who has in him so much of the seer of these latter days."

The Critic says, "It may be said of Lowell, as of Hugo, Hawthorne, Goethe, that he was a classic before he died; the spirit of Westminster Abbey brooded over all he said; his works were already immortal and to be placed among those for whom a niche is reserved in that great literary "Louvre" where properly only the works of the dead are lifted on high."

Lowell was born in Cambridge in 1819. His father was a preacher; his mother possessed rare intellectual ability. James' boyhood differed little from that of other boys of educated parents of that time. At Harvard he distinguished himself only in that he was sadly deficient in that which, in after life, he became greatest; also in the distinction of being class poet. Lowell came from old New England stock, and from a line of public-spirited men. It was his great-grandfather who, during the French and Indian wars, preached a sermon on the advantages of God's presence, with his people in an expedition against their enemies. His grandfather was John Lowell, lawyer, legislator and distinguished judge, who in the public prints offered his services as a lawyer to any person held in slavery who might desire to take advantage of the clause of "universal freedom and equality," which he was instrumental in placing in the Massachusetts constitution of 1780, and which he and others regarded as effecting the abolition of slavery. His father was a public-spirited preacher and an opponent of slavery; while his uncle, John Lowell, was one of the foremost of the Federalist pamphleteers of New England.

Verily did young James

" * * * first draw in New England's
Air, and from her hardy breast,
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk
That will not let me rest;
And if my words seem treason
To the dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay-state dialect—our
Fathers spake the same."

The "Present Crisis" is the greatest of his earlier poems. It is, in

its way, the loftiest thing with which we are acquainted. O Altitude! Those lines speak from the summits. They are as high as Sinai.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just,
Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?"

It was in 1846, that Lowell began his greatest poetical work—that master-piece of wit and humor, the "Bigelow Papers."

How grandly patriotic and pathetic is the following, addressed to the old Bay-state he loved so well during the Mexican war:

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's a kneelin' with the rest,
She thet ough' to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon fearless
To the oppressed of all the world."

How inimitable in every way is that "slap in the face" to John Bull, in "Jonathan to John:"

"It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to fight, John,
Your cousin, tu, John Bull!"

* * * *

You wonder why we are hot, John?
Your mark wuz on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons."

* * * *

"God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The wuth o' being free."

But the Bigelow Papers contain something more than ephemeral political satire. They are *sui generis*. There is not such another combination of high poetical qualities in humorous verse in the language. It is a "classic." Eminent critics consider this poem equal to "Hudibras," or anything of its class by Pope; and superior to that of either in that to the caustic satire of Pope and the dry wit of Butler, Lowell adds a broad and mellow humor, a bright imagination, delicate sensibilities, deep pathos, a love for everything, and a power of stirring appeal that they do not possess.

What could be more beautiful than this, in the "Pastoral Line:"

"The bobolink that
Climbs against the breeze with quivering wing,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down a brook o' laughter, thru the air."

or the pines that—

"Mope and sigh, and sheer your feelings so—
They hesh the ground beneath so, tu, I swon,
You half forgit you'v' got a body on."

Then the verse kindles and stiffens and ends with that outburst of noble indignation—

"God hates you sneakin' creaturs that believe
He'll settle things they run away and leave."

The patriotic impulse of the poet manifests itself again in a series of odes, culminating in the "Commemoration Ode" read at Harvard at the close of the war. Here the full orchestra of the poet's powers is brought to play again, and the performance is a magnificent one. The theme was worthy of a Homer or a Milton. The subject, the circumstances and the occasion conspired to inspire the poet, and Lowell flung the windows of his soul wide open. Yet in this ode, one of his greatest pieces, the poet, in our judgment, and I do not know of another instance, shows the limitation of his powers. The trouble is that he did not handle the theme as a Milton would have handled it. Grandeur, sublimity and the great passions Lowell seldom attempted, and possibly they were beyond his reach. To me there is something a little strained in the expression, and a reaching in theme after what seems to be the unattainable. His lyre was not strung to cathedral music. Yet it was a noble effort of a noble poet. He did what no other countryman could have done, and left us one of the grandest, if not the grandest ode in the language.

His picture of Lincoln is unequalled:

"Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her old world moulds
Aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

* * * * *
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
Blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first
American."

We are done with the poet of a period. We have our great war president, and our war governors; Lowell will remain the great poet of our late war.

Just out of his teens, Lowell published his first volume of poems, which received generous praise. It was recognized that a new and original poet had come amongst them. These earlier poems were hardly more than flirtations with his muse, yet it was noted that he went about it in a clever manner, and in a style different from that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries, at least in his own

country. He gave evidence of a wide acquaintance with the English poets of his time, yet he was not an imitator. He admired Keats, yet did not follow him. In some respects he resembled Wordsworth. Even then Lowell was a man of the world, in touch with society and passing events. His youth was not, therefore, so serene as was that of Tennyson. He had not made the art of expressing truth in poetical form a professed study for years, hence the earliest flights of his muse were not so strong and steady, or so high into the blue, as were those of Tennyson. This indeed constitutes the chief difference between the two poets, and because of which the Englishman is probably the greater poet. Lowell's song, however, came from above; it was the song of the lark, not of the ground-bird.

"My Love," in Vol. 1, a hymn to his young wife, is pure starlight.

The two poems in his second volume that deserve special notice are "Freedom" and the "Present Crisis."

His minor poetry, though never flat or labored, seldom shows the highest reach either of art or imagination. His descriptive pieces are always fresh and true. Here are a few lines from "Under the Willows" that are seldom quoted:

"May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring,
Shaped out of snow and breathed with
Eastern wind;
Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
And, with a handful of anemones,
Herself as shivering, steal into the sun,
The season need but turn his hour-glass
Round,
And winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in
His arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislusted
Front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his
White beard all over-blown."

"The Courtin'," that gem of an old New England poem, and "Fitz Adam's Story" remind us of Chaucer, and half incline one to believe that the poet of this "strange new world" could, if he had tried, written anew the Canterbury Tales.

Indeed the poet of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" struck a chord which is "quivering around the world still." How beautiful are those familiar lines:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune.

* * * * *

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living."

As Lowell grew older he lost much of the vigor, fire, rhetoric, the

power of epigram and satire of the slavery period, but he gained in finish and clearness; or rather the full fruitage of his literary powers came late in life. There are many little pieces in his latest verses, that for perfect union of thought and expression, for clearness, delicateness of touch, for finish, as specimens of the highest art, are quite equal in their way to anything by Matthew Arnold or Tennyson.

The following from "Das Ewig-wibliche" is a good illustration:

"How was I worthy so divine a loss,
 Deepening my midnights, kindling
 All my morns?
 Why waste such precious wood to
 Make my cross?
 Such far-sought roses for my crown
 Of thorns?
 And when she came, how earned
 I such a gift?
 Why spend on me, a poor earth-
 Delving mole,
 The fireside sweetness, the heavenward lit,
 The hourly mercies of a woman's soul?"

His little volume, "Hearts-ease and Rue," is full of these little gems. There is nothing sweeter or more perfect in the language.

But this is a many-sided man we are reviewing.

If Lowell be not the greatest of American poets, and there are those who claim he is not, he is incomparably our greatest literary critic; indeed, with one exception, by common consent, the greatest of his times—that is Matthew Arnold. Probably a greater scholar than Arnold, more deeply and more widely read; as familiar with Spanish, French, Italian of the moderns, and the Latin and Greek languages and literatures of the ancients as with the language and literature of Shakespeare. But in the art of the critic, simply, and in the judicial quality of mind, Arnold may be superior.

His studies in general literature and as a critic cover the widest range, embracing a series of essays upon the early English dramatists, also the works of Marvell, Donne, Keats, Wordsworth, and Shelley, which he edited; also his essays upon Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakespeare, on Milton, Pope, and Dryden, on Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats, furnish unmistakable evidence that he had drunk deeply at the "wells of English undefiled." But he was equally familiar with the languages and literatures of other nations, leaving us exhaustless and valuable studies of Dante, Lessing, Rousseau and Calderon.

We come lastly to speak of Lowell in that character which, though it may not be so enduring, still is none the less fascinating or fruitful,—Lowell as the man of letters and general literature,—the high-

est type of American culture—the “citizen of the world”—as Agassiz said of him, “He who was an all-world man”—the learned doctor before the great English and Scotch universities—the great wit and after-dinner and occasional speaker—the charming conversationalist—the Ambassador of American literature to the Court of Shakespeare”—His Excellency, the Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James.

Lowell was at his death the most distinguished representative of the world of English letters. His was the highest type of American learning, the flower of American culture melted in the crucible of the world.

So far, says the Critic, Lowell is our representative scholar—the example of what America has to show in the department of accomplished erudition tipped with the Mercury-wings of a style at once light and rich, graceful and learned, imaginative and humorous. Whatever went into him came out transformed, sparkling, individual, wrought over by many processes of cunning intellectual alchemy. Emerson is our Orpheus, with lyre and ecstasy; Longfellow is our poet; we have had sibyls and seers and enchanters; but Lowell is the man of letters who stands pre-eminently today as the highest type of American accomplishment in the field of general culture, a citizen of the world, like his Athenian master, quite ambidextrous in his rounded gifts, as ready to lecture at Harvard as to captivate the Court of St. James.”

“Most essentially,” says James, “was he a man of letters, and some regard his life a tribute to the dominion of style. * * * He carried style of literature into politics, diplomacy, stammering civic-dinners, letters, notes and telegrams, into every turn of the hour—absolutely into conversation.”

Lowell never sacrificed substance for form; like granite his prose lost none of its strength or compactness by taking on the highest polish. It has seldom been our fortune to read prose that had more “meat” in it than has his; and how brilliant and fascinating; thoughts in profusion, sometimes almost bewildering, as if one attempted to gather in all the jewels of a first snow storm.

Lowell possessed that exceedingly rare ability of “saying things”—of saying things so well as to leave neither opportunity nor desire to improve upon them. The one writer who possessed this ability in the highest degree and who not only said all there was to be said, but said it in such a way that no one even to this day, has evinced even a desire to improve upon his manner of saying it, is Shakespeare.

Lowell's more pretentious and public addresses were delivered before the great universities of the United States and of England, and before the learned societies in the great cities of England and America upon literary, educational, social and political topics, and in return he received the highest honors and degrees these universities and societies could bestow.

Lowell has been accused of being unpatriotic, un-American. How strangely the charge seems after reading his complete works. Lowell's Americanism was never blatant, not all bluster and brag; nor was he like the effervescent youth who, in his exceeding hilarity over his toy, "didn't know it was loaded." He was neither a vociferous hypocrite nor a clamorous coward. He knew that no form of government was a mechanical mechanism, which would run itself. He realized that our government, like all others, was loaded and unless handled with care was liable to go "off," and liable to hurt somebody. How truly his words were then being verified and are now being verified every year in our great cities, while the people stand from under.

There is a maudlin sentimentality in this country that demands that our minister to England, in order to be popular at home, must be a bore and boor abroad.

For a complete answer to all this it is necessary only to refer to Lowell's address on "democracy," delivered in Birmingham, England, in 1886. It is the most sanely democratic article, and is from a practical standpoint, the best exposition of the results of Republican government in its institutions, national character and manhood that we have ever read.

We are told that Lowell was a prince of occasional and after-dinner speakers. "He was the best after-dinner speaker that London has seen since the death of Charles Dickens," says Justin McCarthy. We judge that his treatment of a subject or of an opponent, on such occasions, was remarkably felicitous; now flattering him, now tantalizing him, then tossing him from one hand to the other, then into the air, after the fashion of a Canadian welcome, and all in such a spirit that the victim felt it a compliment and an honor to be so handled.

Lowell's life work, thus reviewed, falls naturally into the three periods in which it is generally treated—first, the slavery period; second, the following years at Harvard as the distinguished successor to Longfellow, during which time most of his critical essays were written; and thirdly, what is called the cosmopolitan period.

What place in literature will Lowell fill? No one can at present, with a reasonable degree of certainty, say. As what will he be longest remembered? As to the latter we may venture an opinion, or rather concur in what has already been said. It is generally agreed that Lowell, as great as he was as a critic, as distinguished as a man of letters and general literature, and although he may not be classed in the highest rank as a poet, yet it will be as a poet that he will be longest remembered. And why not in the highest rank as a poet?

Lowell himself has left us the best estimate of Lowell the poet, or rather he has pointed out most clearly his weaknesses and limitations as such.

This is what he says of himself in the "Fable for Critics:"

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
'Till he learns the distinction twixt singing and preaching.
His lyre has some chords which would sound pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem."

Lowell's ancestors were nearly all preachers; he was born a preacher, and preached all his life. The truth is that Lowell always had the world by the button, if not always to preach a sermon, then to enforce a lesson or point a moral; all of which was of course done in a highly pleasing and highly poetical way, yet always as if he had a distinct message to deliver. Lowell was a preacher and a reformer from the time he took up his pen till it dropped from his hand; and "it is his main glory," as Farrar says, "that he stood in the forefront of that radiant band of mighty orators and ethereal poets and heaven-born rulers, whose eloquence and wisdom emancipated four millions of slaves, and whose names are therefore written on the noblest page of their country's history."

Again, Lowell had, to use a Yankee phrase, too many irons in the fire, to achieve the highest greatness on any single line.

In the words of Farrar, and I quote because he so completely covers the thought in mind—"He might have been greater, had he been in some respects less. He might have done more, had he not known so much. He would have attained to a more powerful originality, if it had not been a part of his training to be familiar with, and to be pervaded by the best thoughts of many minds in many ages. His greatness in a single form of excellence would have been more unchallenged and permanent, but for his many claims to admiration."

What constitutes the greatest poet? Is he the greatest poet who has written excellently in many different forms of verse, and whose standard of general excellence is of a high order; or is it the poet who has written a masterpiece? Then it would be equally interesting to inquire how many masterpieces have been written by American poets, and whether or not Lowell has written one. Undoubtedly Lowell has written a masterpiece, and that is the "Biglow Papers."

Lowell possessed in the highest degree the varied culture of the nineteenth century. For completeness he stands like Browning's Cleon, without a rival—

"I have not chanted verse like Homer, no—
Nor swept string like Terpender, no—nor carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend;
I am not great as they are, point by point;
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running them into one soul
Who, separate, ignored each other's arts.
Say, is it nothing that I knew them all?
The wild flower was the larger—I have dashed
Rose-blood upon its petals, pricked its cup's
Honey with wine, and driven its seed to fruit,
And show a better flower, if not so large;
I stand myself. Refer this to the gods
Whose gifts alone it is."

ALSTON W. DANA.



In June.

WITH long ambrosial draughts, we drink
The sweetness of the mellow air.
The sun rays filtering through the trees
Make each green jeweled grass blade fair.
The roses blush, as does the Dawn
When sun-kissed, she peeps o'er the hills.
The late wild flowers linger still
By all the merry laughing rills.
They too would greet the shy sweet girl,
The fairest daughter Nature brings
To cheer the sorrowing hearts of men,
With all the tender growing things
She flings with lavish hand around;
No one too poor, but he may own
Something more fair than kingly robes,
And find his poor soul better grown.
The daisies on their slender stems
Now nod and gossip in the breeze,
With white frilled caps upon their heads,
Like prim old ladies at their teas.
The purple pansy's thoughtful face
Smiles upward from the garden bed
To greet the sweet old-fashioned pink,
That all her old-time fragrance sheds.
In God's broad country, green and fair,
And in the work of man, the town,
June sunshine fills the air alike
And falls on faces white and brown.
To all our hearts she sings her song,
And if our souls but be in tune,
We must be glad as children are
Through all the perfect days of June.

M. S. S.
Alpha.

GIRLS I HAVE MET.

IT is quite possible that I shall not be introducing you to an entirely new set of people; for I do not flatter myself that my experience in life has been on a different plane from yours; but possibly I may have looked from another angle, and so changed the point of view that the world has taken on a slightly different appearance. However, it is difficult to be critical when one is a part of the product, but which part I leave you to decide.

The practical girl—have you met her? She looks at life from a strictly utilitarian point of view. She it is who can make a pie or pudding and generally look after the commissary part of a household. She is methodical in her undertakings and believes in having a place for everything. If she is a college student, she will be a good mathematician to a certain point, and it will not take much proof to convince her that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. She is a fairly good student in every way, but is content to let each day look out for itself, and is not prone to independent investigation outside the limits of the text-book.

She will be appealed to many times by her less practical sisters, and can show the way out of a scrape better than many others. She is careful of her money and will walk a good many blocks to save car fare. She will not be a general favorite, but she does not let that trouble her, and when the question of work comes up she is the first to be called upon and can always be depended on to do her share of the work and generally that of some one else as well. She may be aggravating at times from her lack of sympathy, but at others she will be a tower of strength.

The sentimental girl—surely you recognize her. What a contrast to her sister above. They can never understand each other; their courses will clash at every point of contact. The sentimental girl always has a bosom friend to whom she imagines she is indissolubly wedded but of whom she tires at intervals of six months or less. She has ever a secret to tell, and the romantic adventures she meets with in her daily life would, in her estimation, fill many a three-volume novel. What *he* said, how he looked and how I felt, these are the staples of her conversation. From the slightest premises she will cause mammoth conclusions to follow and write Q. E. D. with the greatest assurance. But she will find sooner or later with Bulwer

Lytton that "castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up," and her romantic turn of mind may help her over many hard places. The fretting cares of daily life will not wear and corrode her nature as they often do those of a sturdier type of character; for at any time she can leave the prosaic far behind and lose herself in clouds of romance, much to the detriment of whatever undertaking she has on hand.

She will be quite apt to develop into a woman of the Mrs. Jellyby type, and believe her mission lies anywhere but in her own family circle. Heathen are most interesting at a distance, and the absent can be easily idealized since they do not mar the picture by the incongruities of daily living.

Oh, dear girls, life was not given us to be wasted in sentimentalizing. Sentiment never fed the hungry, nor clothed the naked, nor helped to lift in the least the heavy burdens of humanity. Let us realize that our lives are to be measured solely by noble actions *done*, and that all the so-called fine thinking and fastidious ideals avail nothing.

Then among my acquaintances I number the girl who knows it all, and she, methinks, is the hardest to be tolerated. She tells you with the greatest assurance, things which you know are false; but her manner is so overwhelmingly positive, that you find it impossible to contradict her statements. If perchance you do manage to utter a feeble disclaimer, she so overpowers you with her superior knowledge that you are silenced, and thereafter allow her to utter the rankest heresies without protest. It is of no use to try to convince her. She simply does not listen. Her mind is so filled with her own opinions that she really has no room to entertain another's views of the question.

To be associated with her in any work means either a constant fight at each point, whether it be of consequence or not, or you must give up your opinions entirely and follow her dictation in everything.

She has her friends, or rather toadies, for I do not believe she understands the meaning of friendship, which must always be reciprocal—must give and take, alternately lead and be led. But followers she will have, for we have all seen girls who never have opinions of their own, but are content to obtain them second-hand, and so help to swell the train of the girl who knows it all.

The gushing girl is a tolerably common type. She it is who revels in adjectives and apparently spells everything with capitals. A

sunset, a view of the ocean, a new dress, a girl she admires, an opera, all are alike "perfectly lovely." Even an ice, or a box of candy is characterized by the same endearing term. Nothing is too small to be raved over and nothing great enough to awe her into silence. She is often amusing, and you can forgive her much on account of her youth; for it is only fair to say that most of this exuberant gush disappears with maturer years, and as responsibilities come to her, she discovers that life is not always funny, and that there are a few gradations between "perfectly splendid" and "awfully horrid."

But it all depends on the girl. If she has sufficient depth of character to learn to think, she will not long be satisfied with the froth of life alone, and will see that gush does not give her friends worth having. Sometimes, however, this transformation does not take place, and the woman gushes and prattles as she did when a girl. But it has ceased to be amusing, and is now nothing less than pitiful to see a woman with her wonderful opportunities for doing and being, keep herself on the irresponsible level of childhood and so increase the number of our sex in whom no dependence can be placed.

If there is one person more to be pitied than another, it is the self-conscious girl, every moment of whose life with others is imbittered by fears of what this one is thinking, and that one may say. This feeling robs her of all individuality, for she is constantly measuring herself by the imaginary standards of some one else. A careless glance will make her unhappy for a day. She is always imagining that she is slighted, and twisting the most innocent remark into an intentional stab.

She needs constant reassurances of affection in order to believe it is sincere, and often wounds her best friends by her coldness, when in fact she is yearning for their love, and afraid to show her own lest it be misconstrued. In a company she imagines she is the center of comment and so her manner is constrained and embarrassed. She is her own worst enemy. She would gladly help others but fears to offer her services lest they be refused.

No girl realizes her shortcomings with such force as she, and she thinks they are equally plain to the eyes of every one. She will writhe in secret over some blunder that very likely no one else noticed, or if noticed was forgotten in a moment. When alone she is conscious of her morbid ideas and resolves that she will forget herself when with other people; but when the occasion comes, the demon of self-consciousness is found as powerful as ever and she again suffers defeat.

Do you not think she is to be pitied, and will you not be a little more charitable when next you meet the self-conscious girl? What you have thought pride was only an attempt to hide embarrassment. Help her to forget herself and you will have accomplished a good work.

And now shall I show you a girl we all love? She is a jolly girl, full of fun, and can take a joke even if it be on herself, and not sulk over it. But I warn you that she does not allow the joke to remain always one-sided, and you will find that she can give as well as take. She is a good antidote to the "blues," for you cannot long be doleful when she comes to you with such a bright face and having something funny to tell you, or some enjoyable plan of work to propose.

But the girl I know is not always laughing. If you are really in trouble she will sympathize with you as sincerely as she laughed before; and she does not console you after the manner of some, who, in your distress, tell you only how much they have felt and how much greater their sufferings were than yours could have been. No, our girl does not obtrude her own personality at such a time. She may respond only by a silent hand-clasp, or a tender kiss that somehow tells you more than the most fluent speech could do, and helps you to hope again. For some troubles words are worse than useless, and it is at such times that we learn that the "silence" of a true friend "is golden" indeed. But if there is any help that she can bring by active doing, be sure our girl will be the first to offer and to do.

She is thinking how to promote others' comfort, not her own and somehow she seems to know by intuition the proper thing to do or say. She knows where to fit in, and so she does not imitate but always soothes by her presence. Selfishness is no part of her creed. She has discovered the true foundation of happiness,—a contented spirit and the ability to help others. O, girl of the sunny heart, what life is more to be envied than yours!

I have heard it said that we are all consciously, or unconsciously imitating some one; that we, none of us stand alone, but are bound together by chains impossible to break. If this be true, let us at least strive after the best things, listen to the promptings of the loftiest spirit, and seek the highest gifts. So shall we help to make our little corner in life fairer and brighter for our having lived and loved and worked.

Camel's Hump.

① Glorious Mount!
The purpling goal of the journeying sun.
O Tabarian Mount!
Scene of each day's transfiguration.
Little he knew of men or read in books.
Little he heard in sighing winds or singing brooks.
Little he "ope'd his heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show."
Deaf to the music of the shining spheres,
Deaf to the music of the whirling years,
Dead to the beauties of Nature's art,
Dead to the higher emotions of the human heart,
Dead to "thoughts that rise and soar,"
Dead to feelings that whelm one o'er,
Was he who such unworthy name has given
Thee, thou silent messenger of earth to heaven.
ALSTON W. DANA.

A VISIT TO FLORIDA.

HAVING been urged in a former JOURNAL to share with our sisters any particularly good times, and knowing that the south is always full of interest I bethought me to tell you of a charming visit of this spring when the home folks were still shivering about the fires. Surely nothing is more delightful than the experience of opening one's eyes on a Florida March morning—a morning exuberant with sunshine and roses and birds, when those eyes had been looking all the previous day for the faintest signs of spring, and only one day before that had been treated to the sight of snow banks and leafless trees.

But Florida—Florida is delightful and St. Augustine particularly so. There are roses, roses everywhere and quantities of other flowers that we cultivate with the greatest care in the north. Then all sorts of shrubs and trees—different species of palms and oleanders, the Japan plum, papaw, orange and banana—all laden with fruit. The foliage is almost entirely new to one who is not familiar with tropical regions, and is exceedingly interesting.

Very conspicuous are the splendid hotels of which we hear so much, said with truth to be "the most beautiful in the world." It is impossible to describe them, but certainly art and landscape gardening have done their best to add to the beauty of the winter home which nature had already made so attractive.

But the hotels, so necessary to the happiness of very many, are a small part of the charms of the city. Every inch that is not modern is of historic interest, and this to St. Augustine people and to the true American heart is of far more consequence. I believe they are proud of their little old narrow streets. Ah me! that I might see them again with their picturesque overhanging balconies and high garden walls, even if some of these streets are but seven to ten feet wide.

The chief center of historic interest is the old fort now having seen more than three centuries of storm and sunshine,—Fort Marion, acknowledged to be the oldest in the country, unless perhaps we except the ruin at Matanzas. The old city gates, too, are very ancient and interesting, and have with difficulty been rescued from the destruction of modern vandalism. The new sea wall extends from these gates to the farther end of the city. Long shall we remember

the walks on the sea wall, the chatter of the waves and the somber appearance of the old fort in the moonlight.

St. Augustine is situated on a small bay, but only a short distance out are most beautiful stretches of beach and as magnificent surf as old ocean ever exhibits.

The people are as different as though you were dropped among them from another planet. Excepting to your most indulgent friends you must not speak of work or college interests for they are unknown subjects. The crowd is a crowd of pleasure seekers, and it is said that during the winter one would mistake this oldest American city for a brilliant European watering place. So fascinating was it then that I cannot imagine what it must be now, for St. Augustinians always speak with longing of the good times they have when the visitors are gone. But the visit must come to an end; goodbyes are said to the kind friends and new acquaintances, a farewell grip given to the lone Theta who even among an unappreciative throng wears her badge and displays our colors. We are carried back through the long plains of palmetto and pine, hurried through the beautiful hammocks of cypress and oak, on past the exquisite hedges of Cherokee roses, into the region of the late war, on and on to snow and work and college interests.

L. M. W.

Epsilon.



FRIENDSHIP---THE GREEK IDEA.

IN the following article the author has attempted in the main to reproduce what was said on friendship by Professor Thomas Davidson in his course of lectures on "The Great Greek Moralists." Very little attempt has been made to introduce any original thoughts, and none at all to call in question or verify any of Professor Davidson's statements. It is hoped that the readers will find enough that is interesting in the following pages, to warrant the author's attempt to gather together from the lecture notes the thoughts that relate to this one important subject.

No great system of morals was ever laid down which did not give due consideration to the ethical importance of friendship. Whether we look to the plays of Æschylus, the teachings of Socrates, the dialogues of Plato, the ethical system of Aristotle, not to mention many modern writings, we will find everywhere the same lofty character ascribed to the friend.

The best example of the force of friendship to be found in the writings of Æschylus, the "greatest Greek moralist," is given in the trilogy, the Oresteia. Clytemnestra is guilty of the murder of her husband; in this deed she has violated the law of society over which Apollo presides. Every violated law must be avenged, and Apollo calls for vengeance from Orestes the son of Agamemnon and the guilty woman. Yet, if Orestes slays his mother, he violates the natural law—the law of the human family. But the social law is higher, and Orestes has made up his mind to listen to Apollo and avenge his father's death. Yet at the very act he hesitates and appeals to his *friend*, "Pylades, what shall I do? Shall I reverence to slay my mother?" The steadfast reply comes—the only words of Pylades during the play—"Where, where are the oracles of Apollo? Count all men enemies but the gods." This then is the office of a friend, a guide to the best life, the life lived in reverence to the gods, the life that will bring the "freedom like that of Zeus." It is "self-realization" that a man must strive for, but there must be no selfishness in his life or friendship. Orestes is guided by "trustful reverence" to the opinion of his friend, and so doing he takes a step toward freedom, man's goal, which in Aristotle's words is "complete unselfishness."

By the advice of his friend Orestes preserves his reverence toward

the gods, and "reverence and calmness," says Æschylus, "coupled with grace enable men to know Zeus." Strange indeed it seems to hear the word "grace" from this poet—"the great John the Baptist of the Greeks." So in all these philosophers we find "complete unselfishness" the mark of friendship as it is the character of the freedom to which our friend is the guide.

If we turn to Socrates, I think the picture of his last hours on earth will rise before us, as with great, grand calmness he awaits the end surrounded by his loving, reverencing friends. To him friendship had a very wide meaning. It might exist between husband and wife, between parent and child, side by side with the natural affection. But in it must be no selfishness, and it furnishes the chief impulse to the higher life. In its engrossing form it was styled "enthusiasm—a divine inspiration leading up to God." This is the presupposition of "In Memoriam," the "Divine Comedy," and Emerson's "Friendship." A friend was not a well-wisher but a lover, "for we wish people well for what they do, we love them for what they are." A true friend is he who makes the world and all within it nobler and purer, he turns the treadmill of existence into a revolving world.

How close this is to Emerson's poem:

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy north.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

The greatest ethical importance of friendship then is that it is the ideal relation between man and man, each becoming the other's guide to a higher life. To Plato and Aristotle it was the same—the ideal human relation. Plato affirmed that friends were the highest earthly possessions,—“without friends no one would choose to live.” The friend was the second conscience, the greatest impulse to the ideal life which, to Plato, was the life of contemplation of ideal things and their realization in action; to Aristotle it was the attainment of freedom, the power to do. We must put off our

mortality and live in the exercise of our highest faculties; we must put on our true self, our sovereign and better self.

In Plato friendship has a strong emotional element; it is a union like that of Jonathan and David. Aristotle does not discard this element, but reduces it to secondary rank and places virtue above it. There are accordingly three kinds of friendship founded respectively on profit, pleasure and virtue, or business, sentimental or club, and rational friendship. The third only is enduring; the first ceases when the parties cease to be of advantage to each other, the second when the parties find no further delight in each other's company, but the third lasts as long as virtue. The essence of this ideal relation is to love and not to be loved.

Friendly relations, relations to others, are derived from one's own relations toward one's self. We judge of good and evil in others because we judge of it first in ourselves. Friendship is found in a good man, one who is at one mind with himself, who wishes for himself what is good, desiring that for the rational part of himself. He wishes to be preserved the part that thinks, for the thinking part of man is his true self. Such a man may live with himself, his own company is pleasant, his past life is sweet, his mind is stored with contemplation of higher things, he sympathizes with himself, is not fickle minded. All this in a good man returns to himself as it returns to the friend who is the same as that self, who is the "other self." For the character of a man is the description of his friend. A friend is, indeed, one who wishes what we wish, who lives for our sake, who lives with us and chooses what we choose.

People who are entirely worthless never have friends, for they are not at one with themselves, "they desire one thing while wishing another," "their will and instinct are not in harmony." They try to find people to spend their time with and eschew their own company. There is nothing lovable in them because they have no friendly feelings toward themselves. And yet in a sense a good man is most truly selfish, because he chooses the highest good for himself, because he takes the noblest course for himself; he thus gratifies the highest part of himself, is most truly himself.

It is right and best we readily acknowledge to choose what is noble, but in friendship self-sacrifice should be the ruling motive. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Self-sacrifice—that is it; what then is greater than to do a noble deed? Is it not to let your *friend* do the noble deed; let his be the grand part and yours that of putting self out of sight?

I think it is good to turn back to the old, old philosophers to find how sweet and noble their friendships were. It is inspiring and ennobling to think their thoughts, for we, too, know that friendship is the ideal human relation, that it is the guide to nobler, purer living; we, too, at sometime have been deeply thankful that, through our friend, we "knelt more to God than we used;" we, too, have heard our hearts echo the words,—

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."



EDITORIALS.

ONE more Commencement has come and gone. Once more has Alma Mater opened her doors to let out her great flock of children clamoring and crying for bread, for riches, for fame,—for the thousand and one things that go to make up the “Castoria” of such children’s lives. How carefully the fond Mother has prepared them for their departure. How proudly she has dressed them up, washed their faces, brushed their hair, taught them how to bow and curt’sy, and told them just exactly what to say to the World when they meet—and how to say it. How hopefully her eyes look forward into the future to the time when she can point proudly to the President, the Senate, the inventors, the poets, the statesman of the world, and say—“these are my children; it was hard work bringing them up; they were often unruly, and always ungrateful, but I am rewarded now.” But what really happens? There is a great whew and stew and tumult as they first rush eagerly out of the door. How bewildering it all is! Some of the children lose their hats, tumble their hair, and soil their clothing the first thing, and are obliged to go back and be mended up before they can go on. Others forget their bows and their curt’sies, and are awkward and ill at ease when their turn comes to speak. Most all of them forget what they have been told to say, and are painfully embarrassed and mute when the World questions them. So many get hungry and tired and cannot keep up with the rest who only laugh scornfully or triumphantly as they hurry past. The girls, most of them, are afraid as it grows dusk, and seek refuge in homes by the way; only a few trudge on courageously beside their big brothers as the shadows deepen. They sing their songs, but no one listens to them; they fly their kites—it calls forth no applause; they speak their well-learned pieces, the World yawns.

It is most gratifying and encouraging to go to press this quarter with a letter from every chapter, together with a large number of interesting and interested letters from our alumnae. That which stamps a fraternity as a success or a failure is the interest, or lack of interest, displayed by chapters and alumnae in keeping up their correspondence. Take up any fraternity publication and turn to the

chapter correspondence. If that is complete, and animated in style, you may know at once that the real true essence of fraternity spirit is at the bottom of it. If, on the contrary, there are only a few chapter letters and not a word from the alumnæ, you may know that that fraternity is only "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," that it is form without spirit, body without soul, mere outwardness with no inwardness of being—that it has no right to exist.

Owing to Mrs. Spear's absence in Florida, there may be some confusion about chapters that have paid their subscriptions to her instead of to the Grand Treasurer, which will all be rectified on her return. All those who have paid have receipts for the sums they sent, and therefore there can be no mistake in the end.

We are requested to announce that Miss Inez Moody has been elected corresponding secretary of Lambda chapter for the coming year.

All contributions for the next number of the KAPPA ALPHA THETA should be in the hands of the editor as early as the first of September.

A great deal of satisfaction and a very little dissatisfaction has been expressed over the growing literary tendency of our Quarterly. Those who have expressed the dissatisfaction maintain that general literature is out of place in a publication which purports to be only the organ or bulletin of the fraternity. There is no inter-fraternity law among Greek journalists which prohibits or advises the publication of general literature, but each magazine is whatever the fraternity it represents may choose to make it. There is really no reason why our Quarterly should not be something more than a mere publication of fraternity news, or why it should not attain a literary standard as high as that of any college publication. Whether it shall adopt this standard or not depends entirely on the contributors, of course. It is certainly pleasant and entertaining, if not profitable and helpful, to compare the literary attainments of different chapters representing different colleges in this way. Indeed, might it not be a good idea to establish a championship, giving the the editorship of the K. A. O. to the chapter manifesting the

most journalistic talent and literary power each succeeding two years? This biennial contest would not only be a pleasant and helpful source of rivalry to the chapters, but be exceedingly beneficial to the KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

Our occidental chapter in Berkeley, Cal., expresses through its corresponding secretary the conviction that our magazine as a literary production is an unqualified failure. The pages of our Quarterly are open of course to the discussion of all subjects of interest to our fraternity, and we do not hesitate to give space to even so inconsistent a letter as that Omega sends us. For instance, we are told that much has occurred of interest to that chapter, but "hardly so to others," and later on that "the part of the journal we value is chapter correspondence and news from other fraternities." Omega also speaks of publishing work "which as educated women we must condemn." Are we, even though we may presume to call ourselves educated women, supposed to produce work which we must ourselves condemn? Again it may be as well to inform Omega that we are not competing with the Forum, the Century or the Atlantic monthly. Because we cannot be foremost among men, shall we therefore be non-existent? No, cynical Omega, we decline to commit suicide. We have indeed hardly commenced to grow yet, and who knows what height we may reach if we continue to raise our standard little by little!

IN MEMORIAM.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON, April 12, 1892.

WHEREAS, our sister, Mary Mills, has been called upon to mourn the loss of her father,

Resolved, That we, the members of Lambda Chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta express to the afflicted family, and especially to our friend and sister, Mary, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mary and the family, and that they also be published in the KAPPA ALPHA THETA journal.

LILLIAN CORSE, }
MARY BRIGHAM, } *Committee.*

CHAPTER LETTERS.

Alpha.

DEAR THETAS:

Another commencement has come and gone, bringing with it very happy days, and yet making us thoughtful and serious as we part, perchance forever, with friends so tried and true, who have become by daily contact a part of our lives.

We had unusually interesting exercises this year, and as Alumni day was made an important part of the week, we had the pleasure of having with us a great many old friends, who seemed just as loyal to Theta and De Pauw as before. The class day was a decided success; in the morning an oration and class poem were read, the latter being given by Miss Lucia Ray, whom many of you met at the convention last year. Upon this solid literary foundation was placed a farce from college life, and without mercy the weak points of professors and students were presented in a glaring manner to the public gaze. For the evening the plans had been made for a promenade concert, but in vain our hopes,—the rain which has been so faithful this spring poured down the entire evening. But this did not dampen our spirit, and the concert was given in the college halls. Each class entertained with light refreshments the friends and visitors of the college.

As usual there were a number of delightful fraternity receptions during the week. We gave a small informal garden party which was so enjoyable to ourselves we cannot but think that it was to those entertained.

During the closing days of a college year one's mind is a veritable Fradubio, wavering between the past and the future. As one glances back over this most prosperous college year and reviews the life of the fraternity, she can but see a marked growth and improvement in that internal life which is the very soul of the fraternity, a closer sympathy and friendship existing for one another, making stronger that bond of sisterhood between us. Not that the year has been one free from all mistakes; one would despair of the future were there a feeling of perfect satisfaction over the past; but it has been a year of benefit to Alpha chapter, and it has taken a great step toward the higher and truer fraternity life.

We lose by graduation three girls who for four years have been

most enthusiastic workers in the chapter. While they will not be within our circle when we meet again in the fall, yet the influence of their life in the fraternity will not soon pass away.

For the coming year we expect much from the fraternity, and are full of hope that we will not be disappointed in our expectations. But on these warm summer days made chiefly for resting and dreaming, one does not even wish to read of college plans or think of new girls and "spiking" expeditions, so enough of the future. Let us rather enjoy this delightful present, these three months of vacation and return in September ready for whatever work may come. To each and all of you scattered as you are over the land, Alpha sends her congratulations for this past happy year and her best wishes for the future.

ALPHA.

Beta.

BLOOMINGTON, IND., June 3, 1892.

Dear Theta Sisters:

I feel that an apology is due the Journal that Beta has sent no alumna letter this year; the only reason I have not written before, myself, is because I have not been able to collect adjectives and other words appropriate enough to express my satisfaction over the improved appearance of the KAPPA ALPHA THETA. Surely, we have a Journal to be proud of, and I trust that no pains will be spared by the chapters to keep up the standard adopted by the editor.

We older Thetas, who were initiated long before the days of chapter houses and silver spoons, who partook of the weekly spread by means of nature's own knives and forks—we can appreciate the advantages you are enjoying now better than you yourselves can. We do not envy you; far from it. No, we were as happy with our starved goat, battered piano, and well-thumbed song books as you can possibly be in your elegant mansions with parlor grands and hand-painted tea cups. We rejoice over your success and wish you more and more of it.

But in the midst of your glory, please think sometimes of your poor relations who once bore the burden for you.

BETA, '80.

Delta.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 30, 1892.

Dear Thetas:

We cannot think of any reason why we were not represented in the

last Kappa Alpha Theta by a chapter letter, unless it is *because we did not send one*. But we hope the editor does not lay the blame at our door, and will pardon all future offences, for we really have done better in the (remote) past.

What are we doing? Working! What are we planning? For a genuine "*Theta spread*" to which all Thetas—both foreign and domestic, alien and naturalized—are hereby cordially bidden. We hope to close the year with flying colors, among which will appear conspicuously the black and gold.

We are already laying plans for next year's triumphs and work, and shall be satisfied if we are as successful next fall, as we were last.

One of our number is to travel in Europe this summer, and we shall of course expect her on her return to give us "dress rehearsals" of all scenes of her foreign experiences. She has also promised to bring back a souvenir for our hall.

As we look at our past record in the chapter letter line, we think it would not be inappropriate to wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year for next year; but thinking of our good resolves just made, we will show our faith in ourselves by wishing you all a jolly Fourth of July!

Yours in the bonds,

DELTA.

Epsilon.

Epsilon sends her last chapter letter of the year with great regret. It has been a pleasant year and we are sorry to have it come to an end. But with it we extend the heartiest good wishes for our fraternity and the very best wish of all that she may grow to be worthy of even more appreciation, for one who wears the kite must never be satisfied with present attainment.

It is delightful to be a Theta. I think I never realized it so much as I do tonight as I look back over my college life and see what the fraternity has been to me. But we each have this realization at times even though we forget it between times, so I must not occupy more space with my own thoughts. Would we could see this reality oftener, not only for ourselves but for those we wish to have join us. There is little to tell concerning ourselves. The chapter has moved into much more comfortable rooms, and continues to enjoy the housekeeping. A short time ago the chapter sent out invitations to about one hundred and fifty guests whom we received at

Miss Blanche Curry's lovely home. It seemed to us that the weather could not have been more disagreeable, but it did not lessen the crowd of visitors and the reception has been considered a great success.

Our delegation of eight returned last week from establishing the new chapter at Ohio State University, and the girls are very enthusiastic on the subject of our new sisters. The eight charter members are all residents of Columbus, and entertained the Epsilon girls in a most charming manner. The evening after initiation a Pan-Hellenic reception was given by them at the home of Prof. Tucker, and the next afternoon a real frat. spread was enjoyed by the Thetas alone. Alpha Gamma Chapter is now really launched on her fraternity life. May it be a prosperous and enjoyable one.

Very sincerely,

EPSILON.

Iota.

IOTA CHAPTER OF KAPPA ALPHA THETA, ITHACA, N. Y.

Dear Thetas:

Our chapter has been very quiet this year. Besides the girls whom we initiated last fall we have taken in two more, Miss Marion Banks, '95, and Mrs. Best, who was at Cornell a year or two ago and has come back this spring to graduate. With Mrs. Best we have six seniors, all of whom, with one exception, expect not to be here next year. The most of them are intending to teach, and one is going abroad for the year.

Our active members next fall will be only nine, an unusually small number. As yet we do not know of any of our alumnae who are to be here, or of any who are coming from other colleges.

An effort is being made to have as many of the under-class girls as possible in Sage College next year, letting the older girls live outside as far as any one must. One of the Theta alumnae, the wife of a professor, has offered to make arrangements for the Theta girls to live at her house next year. As it seems impracticable for us to have a chapter house, this is a very good solution of the problem.

Mrs. Comstock, who graduated in '85, has opened her house to us for an hour every Friday afternoon while she has been at home this year, and we have had delightful times there. During the winter term she and her husband were at Leland Stanford, Jr.

We had a pleasant visit early in May from two Chi girls. They were here several days, and we were able to show them a little of

Cornell and the life here. A number of our own alumnae have visited us this year too.

This is to be an unusually gay Commencement. Several of the fraternities are to give dances or receptions at their chapter houses, and we shall have, also, the unusual excitement of the two races, which are to come off here this year instead of at New London.

IOTA.

Kappa.

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The year just passed has been a most auspicious one for Kappa. Our meetings have been interesting and well attended and our fraternity spirit in the true sense of the word has grown.

One quite important step which the chapter took this winter was to withdraw from the inter-fraternity pledge. For many reasons we were sorry to do this. With our pledge we had an opportunity of knowing something more about the scholarship of our possible Thetas and of becoming better acquainted with them; in this respect, the two months probation was a protection to the fraternity. But on the other hand, the life of the chapter was kept in rather an unsettled state with the "new girls" question ever before us, and we found it hard to live up to the rules of the pledge when some in our sister sororities were disregarding them.

The latter part of January we initiated two of our pledged girls, Miss Annie Wilder and Miss Bella Sinclair; two weeks later we again assembled for an initiation. The candidate this time was Miss Ella Funston of Emporia, a daughter of Congressman Funston. Both of the initiations were exceptionally pleasant ones and we were proud indeed of our new members.

The national convention of the Pi Beta Phi sorority was held at Lawrence this spring, and we realized more than ever before how far the mere fact of being a fraternity girl goes toward establishing a feeling of kinship among entire strangers. Kappa Kappa Gamma and Kappa Alpha Theta, together with some of the other college girls, were invited to a reception which was given by the entertaining chapter, Kansas Alpha, in honor of the delegates. The pleasure which the Pi Phis seemed to have in meeting and entertaining their sisters from other states tended to arouse a desire for a similar gathering of our own fraternity and made us look anxiously forward to the time when the convention should meet with Kappa.

We were sorry this year to lose Miss May Webster from our fraternity circle. But what was our loss was Mr. Spencer's gain, the gentleman to whom she was married last April. The wedding was held in one of the largest churches in the city. Lovely flowers, music, and beautiful costumes conspired to make it a very brilliant occasion. Mrs. Spencer's home is now in Kansas City, Mo.

The Friday night preceding Commencement has for several years past been regarded as belonging to Kappa Alpha Theta, but this year we decided to give our "June" party the sixth of May. We worked hard to make it a pleasant party and felt well repaid for our efforts, since it was conceded by all to be one of the most, if not the most successful party ever given in Lawrence.

Commencement week is upon us with its usual round of gayeties. Instead of the customary class day exercises, a burlesque of "Julius Cæsar" was given Saturday night at the opera house by the seniors, and much fun was had at the expense of the faculty, the juniors and other unfortunate collegiates.

We are glad to say that most of our members will be back again in the fall, a fact which augurs well for our success next year.

With best wishes to you all for a happy vacation.

KAPPA.

Lambda.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON.

Dear Theta Sisters:

Owing to the fault of the girls and not of our editor, we had no letter in the last journal.

We have initiated four girls from the freshman class into the mysteries of our society, our invitations to join in no case being rejected. We feel most deeply the need of a rival society in our college, and hope the day is not far distant when such a society will be founded. The advantages gained from a rival would far exceed the disadvantages.

Fast evening, if I may use that expression, was very pleasantly spent by feasting and dancing at Miss Hanson's, one of our new girls. Girls from the sophomore and junior classes are now busy preparing selections for a ladies' prize reading to be held in June.

The coming Commencement brings with it no regrets for our chapter, as we have no girls in the senior class. Commencement means to the girls this year no loss, but forcibly reminds us that the com-

mencement will soon come for us all, when we shall have to leave college with its many pleasant associations.

With Theta love,

LAMBDA.

.....
Mu.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Dear Thetas:

The closing weeks of the year find our girls very busy. The beautiful weather brings many opportunities for pleasure excursions and yet school work cannot be slighted, so every day is filled to its utmost capacity. Social events are always fewer in the spring term, picnics being more in favor. It is too late to speak of last term's gayeties, and our own long planned picnic is still in the future. As our numbers increase it becomes more difficult to find a time when all can unite in carrying out plans for pleasure, and a Theta picnic wouldn't be a complete success without every Theta.

Since the close of last term, two deaths have occurred in the homes of Allegheny's faculty. Prof. J. S. Trueman and his wife went to North Carolina in March hoping to receive benefit for his broken health, only to find that it was too late. Unceasing and severe application to his work had undermined his constitution and his death occurred at the end of five weeks. His position as professor of Greek and Latin cannot be easily filled.

About two weeks ago the wife of Prof. J. W. Thomas died at her father's home in Troy, N. Y. Her death and Prof. Thomas' grief are deeply felt by the students, with whom he is very popular.

Ossoli Literary Society, of which our girls are enthusiastic supporters, has made unusual demands upon our time this year. In the recitation contest, one of the closest and best ever known at Allegheny, sisters Clara Campbell and Millicent Davis received the highest praises for the talent and study displayed. Of our three girls who wrote for the essay contest, Alice Cruttenden, '92, won the \$25 prize.

The Alpha Chi Omega sorority gave a brilliant reception the evening of May twentieth in Phoenix Hall, of the city. Most of our girls attended and passed an evening of unalloyed pleasure in conversation, promenading and dancing.

The President's reception given at his home last Thursday evening, was an enjoyable occasion to our seniors.

The approach of Commencement week with the many changes it inevitably brings, makes us realize more and more that our chapter life of this college year has been as nearly ideal in its fraternal relations as one could ever hope for. Thoughts of our happy meetings, of the help, pleasure and encouragement that each one has received from all the others, gives us a feeling of deep thankfulness that it has been our lot to know the fullest joys of fraternity life. We hope that nothing may ever mar this first impression of our two new sisters, Rebecca Cooper, '94, of Meadville, and Anna Campbell, '96, pledged, of Kane, Penn'a.

Our banquet Commencement week is to be held at the McClintock House in the city, Wednesday evening, June 29th. We hope to have present our two girls who could not be with us the latter part of the year, Ella Howells and Myrna Langley, and many of our alumnæ. Sister Julia A. Edson is one of the ten seniors chosen to speak Commencement day.

With Theta love,

MU.

Omicron.

June 1, 1892.

Dear Theta Sisters:

There is not much of general fraternity interest to tell you just now, as there are no accounts to relate of rushing, initiations, new girls, and so on.

As the college year is so very near its close, we are of course working very hard with examinations. We are sorry to lose our girls of '92, but hope they will be with us in spirit, and not let their Theta enthusiasm wane because of their not being at meetings. We are planning to have a grand reunion the last of June, and will report on it in our next letter.

With best wishes to all,

OMICRON.

Pi.

ALBION COLLEGE, June 7, 1892.

Dear Theta Sisters:

Through an unfortunate oversight we failed to send in our contribution to the April number of our much-loved journal. However, by our silence you must not conclude that we are dead or sleeping.

We have never had a more successful year. Our initiated members number twenty-two, five of whom are seniors; besides we have five bright little pledglings.

On the fifth anniversary of the establishment of our chapter, we were invited to the home of one of our resident members, Miss Garfield, and all agreed that we were right royally entertained.

Last term we gave an "at home" to all the young ladies of the college, fraternity and non-fraternity.

In doing this we thought to break through in a measure the barrier and feeling that exist between the independents and fraternities, a feeling that should not exist in a Christian college. It was entirely an innovation and I think a step in the right direction, for we received many expressions of approval on our venture.

Owing to ill health Miss Edith Valentine has been obliged to discontinue her college work and has returned to her home in Three Oaks.

Miss Theo Gardner sails June 10 for Germany, where she will remain a year pursuing her studies in music and Deutsch.

One of our members, Fannie J. Staley has the honor of being class historian, and Ella Caster is one of the participants in the anniversary exercises of the Ersophean Society.

Hoping that we may continue to be and that you *all* may be as prosperous as we have been this year is the hearty wish of

Pr.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Tau.

Dear Theta Sisters:

We are glad to tell you of the establishment of an Alumnæ association of Kappa Alpha Theta in Chicago. For some time the advisability of such an association has been in the minds of some, and now the idea has taken form. We have had three meetings, each exceeding the preceding one in interest and enthusiasm. The last meeting was held Saturday, May 14, at the Sherman House.

Those present were: Mrs. Laura Hills Norton, Eta, '82; Mrs. Emma Cox Henderson, Delta; Mrs. Elizabeth Craig Smyser, Tau, '89; Mrs. Mabelle Thatcher Little, Tau, '88; Mary Potter, Tau, '92; Emily Holder, Delta; Elizabeth Bonnell, Rho; Pearl Dement, Rho; May Gloss, Tau, '92; Nellie Stephens, Tau, ex '94; Lily McCrea, Delta; Hattie Kellogg, Mu; Lina Kennedy, Tau, '91; Eva Hall, Tau, '90. Many who have been unable just at present to at-

tend the meetings have written of their interest in the movement, and their hope of being able to attend in the future. There are at least twenty-seven Thetas in Chicago and vicinity, whose names we have been able to obtain. Following are the names of those who were not at the last meeting; we wish to obtain a full list, and hope the chapters knowing of any of their members in Chicago whose names do not appear here, will send the name and address to the corresponding secretary:

Mrs. Ed. Insley, Alpha; Miss Minnie Harbinson, Beta; Mrs. Mae Phoenix Cameron, Delta; Mrs. Jane Eyre Smoot, Eta; Mrs. Lee Bird Barron, Eta; Mrs. Ida Bay DuBack, Kappa; Miss Marion Colt, Iota; Miss Bessie Tuttle, Rho; Mrs. Cornelia Saleno Archer, Theta; Mrs. Edith Cruver Whittlessey, Tau; Miss Minnie Church, Tau; Miss Florence Tobey, Tau; Miss Margaret Sudduth, Delta; Mrs. Eva Meharry Elliott, Delta. We have been unable to obtain the addresses of Mrs. Carrie Wilson Hughes, and Mrs. Mary Robertson Abbott, of Epsilon.

The officers are: Mrs. Jane Eyre Smoot, Eta, president; Mrs. Mabelle Thatcher Little, Tau, vice president; Eva Hall, Tau, corresponding secretary and Treasurer; Elizabeth Bonnell, Rho, recording secretary.

Our meetings will be held monthly, and in addition to a literary programme which will be presented at each meeting, the occasion will prove a pleasant Theta reunion.

At the time of the Theta convention and the Columbian Exposition, we shall hope to see many of you, and show you that Thetas always retain Theta spirit, whether in school or out.

EVA R. HALL, Corresponding Secretary.

River Forest, Illinois.

Upsilon.

UNIVERSITY OF MINN., Apr. 2, '92.

Dear Theta Sisters:

Upsilon has been delighted with the Journal and feels that the editing chapter deserves more than passing praise. The last number was unusually interesting, and the cover is certainly very pretty. We like to exhibit it on all occasions, and it may have had something to do with gaining us a new sister.

For although we have all been like that far-famed little insect—the busy bee—this term we have been careful to look after our fra-

ternity interests, and the black and gold is now worn by Miss Mattie Robinson, a very dear girl we think.

We devoted Friday evening to the initiation, and as Saturday was our regular "at home," we were very proud to introduce our new sister.

After our winter vacation, Mrs. Gibbs, who has charge of our chapter house, entertained Kappa Alpha Theta and gentlemen friends with a library party. The costumes of the girls were both varied and appropriate and the evening passed very pleasantly.

I think we all agree that the most enjoyable times that we have had this term were when we were entertained by Miss Minnie Rexford, and again by Miss Alice Pabodie. These were strictly fraternity parties, and we all felt that we had missed much in not discovering before the Terpsichorean talents of some of our girls.

To pass to a matter which is, we hope, of general interest, we would like to revive the old cry, "Why can't we have our song books?"

Does any one know whether our hopes of seeing these mythical books are ever to be realized, or are we destined like the dove, to "mourn and mourn and mourn?"

If the new girls in each chapter subscribe for books—and surely they will all want one—it seems as if all the books that we ordered could be paid for. We do not like to have another class graduate without letting our seniors have one song with us. We have found that our most profitable work has been the discussion of articles that have especially interested any of us, or upon subjects of which we had heretofore been densely ignorant.

We shall lose four girls this spring, Minnie Rexford, Madeleine Wallin, Helen Tombs and Anna Guthrie; but we hope to keep the same enthusiasm and devotion to Kappa Alpha Theta that we have always had.

UPSILON.

As the fall rushing season is again upon us, Upsilon chapter desires to hear from colleges where fraternities have tried the plan of waiting a definite length of time before making proposals of membership. There was considerable discussion over this question at the University of Minnesota during the spring term.

The five ladies' fraternities represented here, held two mass meetings for the purpose of making some such arrangement, but no action was taken, as one society flatly refused to enter into the agree-

ment, though the other four were eager for it. One of her reasons was that the plan had been a failure, wherever tried. What have Alpha and Kappa to say?

Four Thetas, Minnie Rexford, Helen Tombs, Anna Guthrie and Madeleine Wallin were graduated this year, two with honors and all with honor. Miss Gertrude Bell is now the only charter member remaining.

Miss Mattie Robinson, '95, is our latest acquisition. In May we held an afternoon reception at the home of Miss Jessie Bradford in honor of Miss Elizabeth Bonnell of Rho chapter.

Mrs. Timberlake, formerly Emma Kemp, '91, was present with Miss Timberlake, who looks like a promising Theta. Misses Minnie Rexford, Alice Pabody and Grace Walther have entertained the girls most delightfully at their respective homes during the last term.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, an honorary Kappa Alpha Theta, spoke interestingly in chapel to more students than are wont to assemble there on ordinary occasions. By the way, our chapel is now among the things that "were and are not," having been given to the flames by a "Box of Monkeys."

We have now so few girls living out of the city, that a chapter house for next year looks very doubtful, but we are all hoping to have one again.

UPSILON.

Chi.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 1.

Dear Sisters:

Greetings from the alumnae of Chi and a brava and bravissima for the Journal!

We have not been silent because of indifference or because we have had nothing to say, but purely on account of that natural diffidence and shyness with which grown-up unattractive sisters often appear before younger and more brilliant ones.

We are interested in and proud of all that Kappa Alpha Theta is doing. She is fulfilling grandly all the hopes and dreams we had of her in her youth, and we rejoice with you over the bright prospects for her future. Chi and Iota are thinking of forming an alumnae chapter or club in New York, after the manner of so many other

fraternity clubs in that city. We are glad to hear of similar organizations in so many of our western cities.

Hoping to meet you all in '93, we will say "auf weidersehen" and "Gluck auf"

CHI, '85.

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Psi.

MADISON, WIS., June 4, '92.

Dear Sisters:

We have not much to offer in the line of a chapter letter, but would not wish for the world to be unrepresented in our Journal's last number of the year, so we present the best we have. We are glad to be so near to a vacation and a rest, and yet we feel sorry to leave each other, and especially to give up our chapter meetings for a while, and for some of us it may be forever.

We are very enthusiastically in favor of a grand reunion of all Thetas in Chicago during the World's Fair, and pray who can better represent the world's fair (ones) than good loyal Thetas?

We are so pleased with the increase in size and interest of our Journal, and feel proud of the just praise it is receiving from other fraternity journals.

Yours with promises of further aid in the future,

Psi.

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Omega.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CAL., May, 1892.

Dear Thetas:

Since last we wrote to you but little has happened of note to any one but ourselves. At our university just as at others, there have been public days, entertainments, social affairs—very interesting to us, hardly so to others.

In our chapter itself, little has changed. Since last September we have added one more member to our number, Florence Sawyer, of '95, and we all feel very proud of our latest freshman. In June we lose three of our seniors, all hard to replace, all of whom will be much missed. That is one of the things hard to become used to in college life—to lose some of the old faces each year, though there are so many new ones that strive to replace them.

And now there is one thing left to say, which we all feel very earnestly. There is a question which forces itself on a reader of our Journal with a persistence and seriousness that grows with each

fresh number. Is it possible for us to run a literary magazine? We do not know how large a minority we represent, but all should face the question. How much would the Century or Atlantic give for our stories or poetry, the Forum for our philosophy or historic studies? Would these articles stand any chance of acceptance even by those papers which do not pay their contributors?

To any one who has had any experience in connection with newspapers or magazines there is but one answer. They are absolutely worthless from a business point of view. We have no capital to obtain better work, and if we were willing to accept this among ourselves we would not be willing to place the last Journal in the hands of a brother Greek, nor to show it to any one whose judgment we value. There is a girlish, not womanly, emphasis on sentimentality, and an excessive use of highly colored and figurative language that stamps it as immature. Should we who are college women, with all the privileges that implies, encourage the writing or pay for the publication of work, which as educated women we must condemn.

We, for one, wish to enter a protest. With the wealth of current literature there is no excuse for reading the work of amateurs. Fraternity spirit cannot make a weak article any the more readable. It simply turns what would otherwise cause a smile or be utterly disregarded, to become a source of humiliation or real regret.

The part of the Journal we value is the chapter correspondence and news from other fraternities. We should like to see this department enlarged into a bright and business-like paper or magazine, with the addition of a good editorial or leader on some live question concerning fraternity or college—the whole thing free from any pretensions to literary elegance, content to give us the truth about ourselves and fellow Greeks in simple and sensible English.

The question, as we have said, deserves attention. We have considered it long and seriously. If we speak strongly, it is because we have thought strongly on it. Have we been alone in this—are we alone now?

Very Sincerely,

OMEGA.

PERSONALS.

Epsilon.

ETTIE Warren, '89, has returned from Bryn Mawr delighted with the college.

Lyle Reid and Mary James, who were with us last year, will visit Grace Overholt Commencement week.

On May 2nd Miss Cora Frick, whom convention delegates will recall, was wedded to Mr. J. M. Criley of this city.

Cora Webber, '90, will visit Harriet Funck during Commencement time.

Jennie Connell, '90, Helen Jeffries, '89, and Ella Shields, '90, will return to Wooster for the summer.

Iota.

Miss Winifred Ball, '91, has been spending the winter with Mrs. Covill, nee' Miss Boynton, '89. She expects to teach in Philadelphia next winter.

Miss Marion Colt, Miss Alice Atkinson, '89, and Miss Jessie Pyle, '89, have gone abroad with Mrs. Rolfe, nee' Miss Bertha Colt. Miss Atkinson will probably spend the winter in Germany.

Miss Emma Berry, '90, Miss Emma Gilbert, '90, and Miss Grace Caldwell, '92, are going abroad in June. Miss Caldwell expects to spend the winter in Zurich.

Miss Louise Robbins, '91, who has been teaching at Plymouth, Ind., this winter, and Miss Van Dusen are going to England for the summer.

Miss Florence Moor, '91, is to be married in July to Prof. Hodder, of the Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas.

Kappa.

Miss May Russell is spending the summer in Utah.

Miss Frances Storrs, of Topeka, one of Iota's members, recently made her Kappa sisters a short visit.

Miss Florence Reasoner is teaching in the Leavenworth High School.

Mrs. Grace Houghtellin Finney spent Commencement in Lawrence.

Mrs. May Walker Kenyon left last February for San Francisco where she will be for at least a year.

Miss Harriet Cooke, of Kansas City, visited Miss Edith Clarke this spring.

Miss Kate Wilder came up from Kansas City to attend the Spencer-Webster wedding.

Miss Bessie Hand was obliged to return last term to her home on account of sore eyes.

—SPENCER—WEBSTER—At Plymouth Church, Lawrence, Kansas, April 27, Mr. John Spencer, of Kansas City, Mo., to Miss May L. Webster.

Lambda.

Miss Elida Hanson, '95, entertained the college girls at her home April 15. Kappa Alpha Theta was well represented, and all reported a delightful time.

On account of illness in the school, Miss Addie Edwards, '82, has not returned to her position in Bradford Academy this spring, and she is now taking biology in the college here.

Miss Phœbe Marsh, '91, has been spending a few days with friends in town.

On account of ill health Miss Pearl M. Abbey, '93, has been unable to return to college for this last half year. She is hoping to return next year, however, to continue her work with '94.

We are very glad to hear that Mrs. G. G. Chandler, nee' Jean Christie, '86, of Tacoma, Washington, is coming east, and is expecting to be with us at Commencement.

On the evening of May 7 we had the pleasure of initiating Miss Myra Keeler, '95, into our circle.

We rejoice with Mrs. M. N. Baker, nee' Ella Babbit, '86, in the addition to her family, though, as it is a boy, we can never hope to make a "Theta" of him.

News from St. Augustine informs us that Mrs. Julia Spear intends to leave there about the middle of June, and we shall hope to have her with us shortly after.

Upsilon.

HOW WE SPEND VACATION.

Harriet Steele, '95, goes to her new home in Norfolk, Nebraska.

Madeleine Wallin camps at Detroit lake.

Prof. and Mrs. Macmillan botanize at Minnetonka.

Christine Edwards comes home to relate her South Dakota experience.

Gertrude and Elsie Gibbs attend the National Republican Convention, and Helene Dresser sings in the chorus.

GREEK CLIPPINGS AND EXCHANGES.

THE cap and gown has been adopted at Dartmouth as class day dress.—Ex.

Colgate University now has an endowment fund of \$1,234,000.—Ex.

Phi Delta Theta has withdrawn from the College of the City of New York.—Ex.

The University of Leipsic will admit women for the first time this year. Six are already enrolled, of whom four are Americans.—*University Cynic*.

A very pleasant custom has recently been adopted by some of the sororities here of having an evening "at home." On the first Saturday of every month the Kappa Alpha Thetas, and on the first Wednesday the Delta Gammas are at home to their friends at their respective chapter houses.—*Phi Kappa Psi Shield, University of Minnesota Correspondence*.

The plan of instruction in the new University of Chicago is very unique. There will be no vacation, and the year will be divided into four terms of twelve weeks each. A lower college will consist of the freshman and sophomore classes, and the higher college of the senior and junior.—*Trident*.

A grand Greek letter fraternity convention will sit with countless other conventions at the World's Fair in 1893.

The first rumors of a grand convention of all the '93 men of American colleges, to be held at the World's Fair, are floating about in the air.—*University Cynic*.

The University of Minnesota chapter of Delta Gamma has the equivalent of a chapter house in Minneapolis. An alumna has arranged to accommodate six members within her own house, which is the rallying point and focus for all the faithful.—Ex.

The facts warrant the Scroll in the claim that the California Beta chapter of Phi Delta Theta was the first regularly chartered and instituted chapter in the Leland Stanford, Jr. University.—*The Scroll*.

The Phi Delta Theta fraternity has granted a charter for Princeton College. This will be the first chapter of any fraternity to establish there.—*Miami Student*.

In a German university a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half price to theatres, and takes him free to art galleries.—*University Cynic*.

The German boys are not happy to think that an American girl who won the European scholarship of the Association of College Alumnae is allowed to listen with them to the lectures on mathematics in the Berlin University.—Ex.

On Saturday morning the Cynic amendment to place a lady on the editorial board was again brought before the college. Both promoters and opposition had been doing considerable missionary work, and as was expected the contest was a hot one. The college girls were present in large force, and one of their number took part in the discussion. Free expressions of opinion were made on both sides, occupying nearly two hours. A majority of the house then voted to decide the question by yeas and nays, each student voting as his name was called. Those who were opposed to the amendment courageously voted "no" to the number of 39, while the yeas rolled up to over 90, carrying the question in favor of the girls.—*Exchange in regard to a meeting at University of Vermont*.

Owing to misrepresentations in the press of New York City and Boston, the editors desire to publish the fact that "The Dickey" society at Harvard has no connection whatever with the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity. The editors ask all exchanges to copy this notice.—*D. K. E. Quarterly*.

The Yale faculty has issued a command to all the boards of editors that, hereafter, no more advertisements from saloon keepers shall be allowed in Yale publications.—*University Cynic*.

The Senate of the University of St. Andrews, the oldest in Scotland, has decided to open to women the departments of theology, arts, and sciences.—Ex.

The announcement of the opening of Brown University examinations to women is said to have more than doubled the number of girls in the classical department of the Providence High School.—Ex.

Tufts College, Dr. E. H. Capen, president, will open its doors to women in September.—Ex.

The position of Dean of the Woman's College of the Chicago University has been given to Miss Julia E. Buckley, who has for several years been principal of the public schools of Plainfield, N. J.—Ex.

Several girl students at Cornell are taking the course in agriculture. One Cornell girl is studying veterinary surgery.—Ex.

Mrs. Mary Sheldon Barnes, author of *Sheldon's Studies in General History* and of *American History*, has just been appointed assistant professor of modern history in the Leland Stanford, Jr. University. In what other co-educational university does a woman hold such a place?—Ex.

The Psi Upsilon and D. K. E., the two leading Yale junior societies, adopted resolutions tonight which will prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the Rustin accident. The resolutions were that taking the oath and assenting to the constitution of the societies, and nothing more, shall fulfill initiation obligations.—Ex.

No institution ever has been invaded so quickly or so numerously by the fraternities as has the Leland Stanford, Jr. University. The liberal policy of President David Starr Jordan, *Cornell*, '72, and the general attractiveness of the institution caused seven fraternities to establish chapters within three months after the doors were thrown open. Phi Delta Theta has the honor of being the first arrival, to be quickly followed by Sigma Chi, Sigma Nu, Phi Kappa Psi, Phi Gamma Delta, Kappa Alpha Theta and Zeta Psi. Several chapters were established by transferring in a body chapters from the University of the Pacific. The University authorities erect chapter houses on Alvarada avenue for all the Greek fraternities that desire them. Several houses are now well along towards completion.—*Delta Upsilon Quarterly*.

Chi Delta is a ladies' class society, recently established at Sage College of Cornell University.—*The Scroll*.

College doors are opening to women very easily. The day is not distant when we shall wonder at strange times in which they were excluded from educational institutions.—Ex.

A number of students, who participated in the initiation of a new law student into a "bogus" fraternity, were rather dazed at the cold and unappreciative reception of their alleged joke by the college authorities and students. A public general reproof from the chapel platform, a private interview with the President, full of painful remarks, and the withdrawal of an invitation or two to a party given by a ladies' fraternity, showed the cordial appreciation of the University of the profound humor of the young "men" who would torture an unsophisticated student, and publicly disgrace him by allowing him to appear before the student body at chapel exercises

wearing colors pinned on him by a collection of bogus gentlemen. Such acts should be condemned by every Greek letter society member as lowering the general respect for their organizations.—*Phi Kappa Psi Shield, De Pauw Correspondence.*

The directors of the Chicago University have just concluded the purchase of the most valuable library in the European market of the present time. Pope's famous library was collected by Dr. Simons, who has been untiring in his efforts during a long period of years. It is composed of 350,000 volumes, and 120,000 pamphlets. The cost is \$75,000.—*Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly.*

Doubtless quite a large number of fraternities will choose Chicago as the seat of their convention in 1893. Why not all, and by concerted plans meet at the same date? Designate a certain day for Pan-Hellenic exercises which may be as elaborate as desired. In what better way could Inter-Fraternity Equity be advanced than by such a meeting? Let a man see that there are a few desirable men outside the pale of his organization, that their ideas are the same as his own, and much of the present ill-feeling will be removed, and real Pan-Hellenism will be advanced more than by countless conventions of editors or by associated publications.—*Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly.*

The corner-stone of the two new buildings for the Woman's College, in Baltimore, were laid last Thursday. The college was opened in September, 1888, with forty students. It has now over 350 in attendance. One of the new buildings is to be devoted exclusively to a Latin school; the other will be for a college home. The new buildings will cost about \$175,000.—*Ex.*

The faculty of the University of Wisconsin have abolished examinations, and all excuses for absence except when class standing is below 85 per cent. or absences more than 10 per cent. This is a radical innovation and seems somewhat questionable.—*Theta Delta Chi Shield.*

It is rumored that the law department of the University of Pennsylvania will have a very complete post-graduate course by next year. It will include admiralty, municipal law, international law, etc. Students satisfactorily completing the extra year's work will receive the degree of L. L. M.—*Theta Delta Chi Shield.*

Wear a Phi Kappa Psi pin in plain sight!

Last week we had an enthusiastic letter from Phi Psi who amid

the thronging thousands of our great metropolis stumbled upon two loyal brothers from a western chapter, and had a tiptop time with them. In speaking of the matter he wrote: "So much for wearing my pin in plain sight."—*Editorial in Phi Kappa Psi Shield*.

The same advice to Kappa Alpha Thetas. We have been introduced several times by our pin to Thetas or friends of Thetas.

The higher education of women in this country will receive a new and strong impulse from the action announced several days ago by Yale College. Yale has been considered, on this as well as other questions, one of the more conservative of universities; but she has now taken a step in advance of any of the large educational institutions of America. After this academic year applicants to the post-graduate course will be admitted without distinction of sex. At the same time that this is announced the information comes that that course is to be greatly enlarged, twenty scholarships of \$100 each and five fellowships of \$400 each having been established, open to the graduates of all colleges. If the results of co-education elsewhere are any indication, a goodly share of those scholarships and fellowships will fall to the graduates of the women's colleges. Co-education may not have convinced all its opponents, but it has at least conquered them. The decision of the Yale faculty was almost unanimous, and it renders almost inevitable similar action on the part of its rivals. The capacity of women to receive and to impart the highest education has been so amply demonstrated as to be almost humiliating at times to the sterner sex—an appellation, by the way, that might be facetiously construed to mean the hindermost sex! Scientists have told us that the brain of the woman is on the average an ounce or so lighter than that of man, yet despite this the number of honors and prizes that she has proceeded to capture whenever admitted to equal educational chances with men has been surprising. But, after all, the men have been handicapped in the race. If the lady students had to smoke as many cigarettes and cigars, drink as many brandy smashes, stay up late so many nights playing poker, and devote so many hours to foot ball, base ball and other physical sports as the men feel called upon to do, perhaps the award of honors and prizes would be less disproportionate. It is because men have so many more social and athletic duties to perform, don't you see? In this new advance Yale is not making any hazardous experiments. She is simply following

the line of development pursued in the great English universities with satisfactory results.—Ex.

Leland Stanford, Jr. University is now the "onliest" subject of conversation in educational circles. The same institution now enjoys the distinction of being the only university in America at which tuition is entirely gratuitous.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

It is an interesting fact that of the 345 colleges and universities reporting to the National Bureau of Education at Washington, 204 are co-educational. Women at present constitute fifty-five per cent. of the under-graduates in this country.—Ex.

At Iowa Wesleyan, a man must have reached the Sophomore rank and maintained an average of 85 in his studies before he can become a fraternity man.—*S. A. E. Record*.

Statistics show that in 1859, seventy-five per cent. of the students in the colleges and universities of this country were farmer's sons, while in 1890 there were only three per cent.—*University Mirror*.

"One more masculine stronghold has been bombarded. The enemy has weakened, and the women will enter the fort. Yale has opened her doors to women. Having once broken away from the time honored traditions, and overcome prejudices fostered by education and cherished through custom, it will not be long before all the barriers standing between women and Yale will be removed." Thus speaks an editorial in *Anchora*. The Journal trusts that no other barriers will be removed with those between women and Yale.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

Ten years ago *The Key of Kappa Alpha Gamma* was founded (it deserves the dignity of the verb,) and Miss Minetta Taylor was the editress. The leading article in the current *Key* is a sketch of Miss Taylor's life. It is complimentary. It is forceful. It shows that Miss Taylor was sufficiently masculine to start a journal and make it a success—the first magazine ever published by a sorority. Miss Taylor is a linguist of peculiar ability. She reads twelve languages, has critical knowledge of eleven, and she speaks seven fluently. She is an artist. She is a poet. She is a debater. She is an orator. She once delivered an impromptu speech on the "Limitations of Art and Nature in Poetry" that electrified her audience. She will soon be thirty. Miss Taylor is a remarkable woman. We salute her. She was a remarkable child. At three years of age she could read, and "her favorite books were Plutarch's Lives, and

Scott's Poems." She has been felt in her circle. She will be felt in a larger sphere. The Journal admires such an intellect, wherever found, just as it admires the skill which constructed the span connecting York and Brooklyn. The *Journal* loves the Natural Bridge. There are some women who could descant learnedly upon the comparative strength of different building materials, but somehow or other the Journal would hesitate before appealing to one of them to smooth its pillow or seek her for repose of heart or soul. The remainder of *The Key* is as bright and pretty as usual.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

The *Theta Delta Chi Shield* has a very earnest article on "chapter houses;" it decidedly disapproves of having a chapter house unpaid for, or mortgaged. We quote a suggestion from the article:

"We suggest the idea that the wealthy men of our fraternity are the ones upon whom this burden must eventually rest. As we see it just now, a plan after this sort might work well. Let some wealthy brother buy land and build a house such as is needed, and then rent it to the Charge at such a figure as will pay him six per cent., taxes and insurance. Then let the Charge maintain it and pay for wear and tear. This would be a good investment, and the deed would revert to the credit of the brother and the entire fraternity as well. A further suggestion would be that the property be willed to the fraternity at large, and then, when the brother dies he leaves a monument to his memory which the ages cannot extinguish. Who will be the first to act on this suggestion? There is nothing to be lost in the venture, and much to be gained."

Theta Delta Chi has decided to omit advertisements from the pages of its "*Shield*." We quote an editorial on the subject:

"Subscribers will not understand the absence of illustrations to mean that we have dropped this feature by any means. We have several articles under way, one of which would have appeared in this number could the cuts have been procured in time. Heretofore the *Shield* has usually paid for all the plates it has used, depending upon the income from advertisements for this expense. We prefer to drop both rather than continue the advertising feature. It is usually possible to obtain the loan of cuts, and whenever we can do this we shall produce them. We do not regard illustrations as a necessary feature, believing that the brothers subscribe for the reading matter. As we are not competing with any other periodical, but just

doing our level best for the fraternity's sake, we do not regard them as an element of success or failure."

Many of our readers never see any other Greek letter publication but this one, and so we hope we will be pardoned for giving the following clippings from other Journals, to show our members how "ithers see us." We have a point in so doing, which may not be appreciated by all:

We would not advise anyone to take up the January number of the KAPPA ALPHA THETA Journal unless he is prepared to spend an hour reading the thirty-five or forty pages of contributed articles, all of which are too interesting to pass by.—*Alpha Phi Quarterly*.

Dainty, daintier, daintiest. All the periodicals published by the feminine "brotherhoods" are dainty, some are daintier, but the most dainty one that lies on the editor's table is THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA, April, 1892. THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA is the organ of the fraternity, the name of which it bears without addition in the way of name. Formerly it was THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA JOURNAL, but in the evolution of the period the final appendage has been lost. This, however, is the only loss that this critic can discover; on the contrary, there seems to be increased life, vigor, and force on every page. The *Journal* congratulates Kappa Alpha Theta and wishes the magazine clad in cover of cream, lettered with bronze, the very best of success. The present number is full of a variety of contributions, from the highest sentimental verse to discussions weighty enough to suit the most severe advocate of seriousness and knock-down solemnity. Perhaps there is a superabundance of imaginative compositions for a fraternity magazine, and hardly enough written on live fraternity topics; but for all that the contribution department is exceedingly creditable and interesting. The editorial departments are to the point, and the style indicates journalistic and executive power. The chapter letters are few, too few, but well written and brimming full of natural womanliness. Even their affectionate closings, "Lovingly, Nu," etc., win the respect of the masculine readers. In fine, the whole magazine breathes a gentleness, a tenderness that proves that the writers are women, real women, not according to the human patents of modern times, but according to the original design of the universal God, who after all is a greater inventor than man.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

The January number of the KAPPA ALPHA THETA is more portly

than any of its predecessors, and contains a variety of attractive and readable articles.—*Delta Upsilon Quarterly*.

And why shouldn't KAPPA ALPHA THETA grow portly, after partaking of and digesting the wholesome and nutritious contents of *Delta Upsilon Quarterly*?

We have always been impressed with the publications which emanate from our sisterhood societies. Somehow the girls have such a pleasant way of writing, often making something out of nothing, and then as a rule they exhibit such good taste in the externals. Whether it is because printers like to please the young ladies and suggest the best ideas they have, or that the managers are imbued with such high ideas we wot not, but the fact remains that the Soroses excel in their Journals. A more notable point is that every ladies' society so far as we know, whether large or small, has a representative periodical. This ought to weigh heavily on the minds of some of our old line societies which do not seem to have enough of energy or public spirit to issue any sort of periodical. We take a special delight in reviewing the feminine journals, and regret that all of them are not regular visitors. After a long silence, by the painstaking courtesy of the Exchange Editor we have the first three numbers of KAPPA ALPHA THETA for this year. In external appearance it is quite the queen of the table. Its delicate cream colored cover with title print in gold, half shaded, vies in appearance with *Kappa Alpha's* handsome cover. The interior is somewhat marred by the poor quality of the paper which is not up to the cover standard. The literary make-up is good, although there is rather more of it than needed. More fraternity news would be desirable. Like all other journals the editors have to complain of the delay in sending chapter letters.—*The Shield*.

The contributions noticed are but a few of the large number in the KAPPA ALPHA THETA for April.

The editor of the *Journal* extends condolence to the editor of THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA for this: The tone of the editorials seems to indicate that there is not as much punctuality and skill exercised by the chapter correspondents as is desirable. The *Journal* has been through all the dark places in this line, and can thoroughly appreciate the lamentation of others in this regard.

Such is a brief review of THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA. A long, long life, full of brightness, we wish the magazine now completely changed in form and name.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

We always like to read the KAPPA ALPHA THETA, but we must say that very many of its articles, although interesting, have no direct bearing on fraternity interests. Such articles as a weird and romantic tale entitled "The Old Windmill," an "Essay on Sydney Lanier," "A New Legend of Japan," "Lost and Found," "The Literary Character of Nathaniel Hawthorne," are in the January number. They are very entertaining, but seem rather out of place in a fraternity journal.—*The Key*.

The *Key* for December appeared January 21st. It opens Vol. IX, and the changes in editorship do not seem to effect the general character of the journal which is always good. We note the usual run of subjects, but *nothing of general interest to any except Kappas*. The scissors do excellent duty. The selections are good. Evidently the *Key* has nothing to fear in its present volume.—*Theta Delta Chi Shield*.

The *Goddard Record* has a very interesting article, "A Plea for Farmers' Wives." We do not know whether or not the writer is a farmer's wife, but the feeling and information in the plea would seem to so indicate.

A recent number of the *Alpha Phi Quarterly* contains views and a description of the Woman's College of Baltimore. The gymnasium is mentioned as being especially fine, and the article claims it as "the finest gymnasium in this country." Every student takes the gymnasium course.

The Record for June contains a most interesting article on "German University Life," written by a member in Leipzig. In the same number is an article on the "Leland Stanford University." The article is illustrated, and this, of course, adds greatly to its interest. Those Journals are indeed favored which can present illustrated articles in nearly every issue.

In looking through the pages of the March *Key*, we cannot help experiencing a feeling of relief at seeing the chapter letters minus the "Dear Brother" and "Dear Sister" headings, and the "Yours fraternally" and "Yours lovingly" endings. The letters are simply headed by the name of chapter and where located, and we suggest a like plan to our own editor and correspondents.

The April number of *Phi Delta Theta Scroll* gives a very good de-

scription of Cornell University, also pictures of the university site and of the members of the Phi Delta Theta chapter there. It gives also an account of seven Phis who recently met in Berlin, and who send greetings to "their brothers over in God's country." There are 55 pages of chapter correspondence in this number, which must make it an especially interesting number to the members of Phi Delta Theta.

The February number of *Delta Upsilon Quarterly* is one of the best of exchanges reviewed by us. It gives a very interesting description of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and tells of the recent founding there of a chapter of Delta Upsilon. Next is "The Ideal Initiation," and we wish to quote several sentences from this. "Every alumnus within a radius of twenty-five miles should attend his fraternity's initiation exercises. * * * He may think that his family and business require all of his attention, but he should be reminded that the fraternity feels an interest in him, and that he still has a duty to do by it. * * The greater the interest and attendance of alumni on these happy anniversaries, the nearer we may come to a realization of an initiation which may appropriately be termed "ideal" in every respect.

In the February number of the *Kappa Alpha Journal* is a capital article on "The Currency Question with the Greeks." We undertook to quote some of the most important paragraphs, but found it amounted to about the whole three-page article, so gave it up. We advise all who can to read it, and also the excellent article in the same number on "The Ideal Fraternity."

INITIATION RETURNS.

IOTA.

Miss Marian F. Banks, 354 Sackett St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Alice Best, 6th Ave and Union St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PI.

List of Initiates since last convention:
Zulu Fast, '95.
Vura Palmater, '95.
Gertrude Parkhurst, '95.
Marion Hathaway, '93.
Mary Garfield, '95.
Lottie Kempton, '95.
Edith Valentine, '93.
Lillian Dickerson, '95.
Alta Dockry, '95.
Bess Perkins, '95.
Theo Gardner, '95.
Nellie Batt, '95.